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Sunday 7th Jan: 1923

Let the scene open on the doorstep of number 50 Gordon Square.
We went up last night, carrying our bags, & a Leylaure Record.
There was Mary H: in lemon coloured trousers with green ribbons.
& So we sat down to dinner; off cold chicken. In came Roger &
Adrian & Karin; & very slowly we coloured our faces & made ready for
number 46. It was the proudest moment of Clives life when
he led Mary on one arm, Virginia on the other into the
drawing room, which was full, miscellaneous, & oriental
for the most part. Suppose one's normal pulse to be 70:
in five minutes it was 120: & the blood, not the sticky
whitish fluid of daytime, but brilliant & prickling like
Champagne. This was my state, & most peoples. We
colluded, when we met: went pop. used Christian names,
flattered, praised, & thought (or I did) of Shakespeare. At any
rate I thought they when the singing was doing - She
Thought would have liked us all to night. Not that Bobo
was other than a damp owl, with some private gloom which
being too personal for my taste, he brought with her.
Then there was a plain wood faced Darwin - which? And Hussey
like a Victorian seamstress by a table covered in mohair checks.
My back was in through, & I found good quarter with
Frankie & Sheppard & Bunny, & Lydia - ah my friends in
Short. But what we talked about I hardly know. Bunny
asked me to be his child God mother. And a Persian want to
translate me. Arnold Bennett thinks me wonderful. & - (
there, no doubt were elements in my hilarity). Gramto
distorted nursery rhymes. Lydia danced: there was
Charades: Sickert acted Hamlet. We were all easy &
gifted & friendly & like good children rewarded by having
the capacity for enjoying ourselves thus. Could one further?
I wearing my mothers Lace, looked at Mary's little soft
Gen Jerboa face in the old looking glass - & wondered.

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I daresay no one said anything very brilliant. I do not like Sickert. I liked him, talking in his very workmanlike, but not at all society manner, of painting, & Whistler, & an operation he had at Dieppe. But can life be worth so much pain, he asked! Pour reposer" said the Dr. "But for two years 'after my wife's death' I did not wish to live" said Sickert. There is something indescribably unclerical in this easy artists talk, the values the same as my own & therefore right; no impediments; life charming, food & the interesting; no Effort; art brooding calmly over it all; & none of the attachment to mundane things, which I find in Chelsea. For Sickert said, why should one be attached to one's own body & breakfast? Why not be satisfied to let others have the one genuine life, & live it over again, being dead oneself? No mystification, & therefore a great relish for the actual things – whatever they may be – old plays, Serb, boys, Proust, Handel sung by Olivier; the sun on a head & so on.

As parties do, this one began to dwindle, until a few persistent talkers were left by themselves sitting in such odd positions – Oliver full length by Barbara on the floor: Ralph astride a chair in the middle of the room; Lytton & I side by side on the sofa.

"And what do you think of the Tidmarsh Press, said Lytton.

And this was his crafty way of telling me that Ralph means to set up on his own, or rather on his own after the Hogarth model after Easter. Lytton was anxious to see and me. Should we think it poaching? For it would be exactly the same as the Hogarth Press. I said I should say sharp things, but there was quite enough work for two. In the middle of the night I awoke & blazed up about Ralph for a pickpocket (myself to myself that is). But Lytton was not altogether urbane. He is passionate. His baby

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shall have his say, & he shant share it with any one else. This time. Well – so be it. The immediate effect is to make L. & me set to – worse in as Nelly would say – a better understanding for the future. We went in dowered by all the prestige & power & promptitude of all the Benson medallists in England. In fact, the struggle is invigorating. Thumps shoves not improve our opinion of the ass. I especially dislike his effect upon Lytton. Lytton becomes jealous, suspicious, & uses his wits to make the worse appear the better cause. Done is the devil. No character can stand up against it. But there passed in our rural Champagne pricking way. And so, at 3, I suppose, back to no. 50 to which Clive had gone previously.

I went up & found the light burning & so turned it out. I noticed a bluish glimmer under Clive's door. "Reading in bed," I thought, & hoped I should not be called in to talk. But the house was too noisy for me to sleep. People seemed to be walking. Then a woman cried, as if in anguish, in the street. I thought of Mr Thompson waiting to be executed. I turned about. Footsteps sounded. A door opened. I heard voices. At this hour, I thought innocently, no one can be up without cause – illness or accident. So up I jumped, thrust in my upper teeth, & opened the door.

"Is something wrong?" I asked of Clive's shadow on his bedroom wall, for his door was open.

"I hope I've not waked you," he said.

Obviously nothing was wrong. The shriek was Mary's. And so we breakfasted together this morning, with the church bells ringing, & all the horses full of Strachey, Stanley, Stephens & Bells & Partridges – a wet grey morning, in the heart of London, where I am so seldom at that hour.

Such is my frontispiece, which needless to say I meant to make more brilliant, but as Nessa said this morning, I don't want brilliance – the only thing I care for is to be at my ease. (we were discussing Mary

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Now. to briefly, to make out my work list list.

I shall write at Mrs Wallcraig till, next Monday, perhaps
bringing her into full talk, I hope.
Shall I then dash off an article for Squire upon memoirs?
which will take till Monday 29th. Then do the Spark Chapter,
for which I shall have read Odyssey (6 books) Agamemnon:
Oedipus Tyrannus. Zimmern - Letter Homer - life of Jebb - a
some dialogue of Plato's? This puts off writing till rather
late in the day: but I want to make merely make a certain
amount of money regularly, merely for pocket money.
Now, therefore, I must finish Pilkington: read Spark regularly:
& tackle, perhaps another vol of Proust. First then, I must
mark the Agamemnon. (This refers to the immediate moment).
& before doing that I must write to the new apparition
Vita, who gives me a book every other day.

Monday
~~Dec~~
Jan. 16th — Katherine has been dead a week, & how far am I
obeying my her "do not quite forget Katherine" when I
read my own old letters? Am I already forgetting her?
It is strange to trace the progress of one's feelings. Nelly said
in her sensational way at breakfast on Friday "Mrs.
Murry is dead! It says so in the paper!" At that me
feels - what? A shock of relief? - a trial the less?
Then confusion at feeling so little - then. Gradually,
blankness & disappointment, then a depression which
I could not throw merely from all that day when I
began to write, it seemed to me there was no point in
writing. Katherine won't read it: Katherine my rival
no longer. More generously Yet, But though I can
do this better than she could, where is she, who could do
what I can! Then, as usual with me, visual
impressions kept coming & coming before me -
always of Katherine bathing in a white wreath. - leaving

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us, called away; made dissipated, chosen: and then one pitied her. And one felt her reluctant to wear that wreath, which was an ice cold one. And she was only 33. And I could see her before me so exactly as the room at Portland Villas. I go up. She gets up, very slowly, from her writing table. A glass of milk & a medicine bottle stood there. There were also piles of novels. Everything was very tidy, bright, & somehow like a doll's house. At once, or almost, we got out of rhythm. She (Nurse Hammer) had lain on the sofa by the window. She had her black eyes Japanese doll, with the fringe combed quite straight across her forehead. Sometimes we looked very steadfastly at each other, as though we had reached some desirable relationship, independent of the changes of the body. Through the eyes. Hers were beautiful eyes — rather doglike, brown, very wide apart, with a steady stare rather faithful & sad expression. Her nose was sharp, & a little vulgar. Her lips thin & hard. She wore short skirts & liked "to have a fire round her" she said. She looked very ill — very very drawn, white & moved languidly, dragging herself across the room like some suffering animal. I suppose I have written down some of the things we said. Most days I think we reached that kind of certainty, we talk about books, or rather about our writing which I thought had something durable about it. And then she was inscrutable. Did she care for me? Sometimes she would say so — turned kiss me — would look at me as if (is this sentimental?) her eyes would like always to be faithful. She would promise never never to forget. That was what we said at the end your last talk. She said she would send me her

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diary to read, & would write always. For our friendship was a real thing was said, looking at each other quite straight. It would always go on whatever happened. What happened was. I suppose, fault finding & perhaps jeering. She never answered my letter. Yet I still feel, somehow that friendship persists - Still there are things about writing I think of & want to tell katherine. If I had been in Paris & gone to her, she would have got up & in three minutes, we should have been talking again, Only I could not take the step. The surroundings - Murry & ma - & the small lies & treacheries, the perpetual playing & saying, or whatever it was, cut away much of the substance of friendship. One could not be too uncertain. And so one let it all go. Yet I certainly expected that we should meet again next summer, & start fresh. And I was jealous of her writing - the only writing I have ever been jealous of. This made it harder to write to her; & I saw in it, perhaps from jealousy, all the faults I disliked in her.

For two days I felt that I had grown middle aged, & lost some power to write. That jealousy is jarring. I no longer keep steering her with her wraith. I dont pity her so much. Yet I have the jealousy that I shall think of her at intervals all through life. Probably we had something in common which I shall never find in any one else. (This I say in so many words in 1919 again & again & again). Moreover I like speculating about her character. I think I never gave her credit for all her physical suffering & the effect it must have had in embittering her.

The Matin is probably cold over Mayenghams head: & has a violent cold. I have been in bed, 101, again. Influenza threatens to cut my throat.

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Sunday
Jan. 28th.

A certain melancholy has been brooding over me this fortnight. I date it from Katherine's death. The feeling to-day comes home now. Yes. Go on working & resume: but with composure. There's no competitor. I'm cock-a lonely cock whose crowing nothing breaks - grey walls. For our friendship had so much that was working in it. However then I had my fever, a violent cold, was in bed & fed for a week, & still am below normal, I think. In casting accounts, never forget to begin with the state of the body. K., to Ralph reported via Brett, died in 10 minutes of haemorrhage, walking upstairs with Murry who happened to be there. Brett is 'very hard hit' Ralph says. I own that have Ralph's sayings to report. Was that make me melancholy? Like most great feelings mine is a tying knot are mixed. We now have had Joad twice - Margery I should & to call her, & she comes to-morrow full time. She has a letter too much powder & scent for my taste. & drawls. In short she is not upper class. But she has honest intent eyes, & takes it seriously, which, as she is quite without training, is as well. My only fear is lest she should prove a flibbertigibbet. Her quickness of movement, keenness, & dependability are de- & great gain in Ralph. There he is thick as an oak & as angular. We have heard no more of the Tot-mash Press.

I have seen quantities of people - having them here, as my invalid ways induced, bright pictures, ~~tangles~~ lines on the gramophone - but I want not insult me human soul for what I have really so much respect. Bobo & Betty have nothing sharp or bright about them - both seem to dissolve in a November cloud: depressed, emotional, with no target for emotion. Bobo is vaguely indulgent in

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an affair - perhaps with an a medical student called Hanley -
(She does not confide names.) He takes her out, makes love, which
She enjoys but finds ~~was~~ somehow inferior. She likes the
surroundings. He had been out with him somewhere
the night before, & said the surroundings were glittering
She yielded to the unreality; then repented. & told him
this was the last ~~the~~ time - Then the repents of that,
forages in her pocket for principles, forages in mine,
& I, not knowing her case, advised her to fling
herself into life, to reflect, but not to withdraw, which
of course pointed the way she secretly wished; & got
privately feels impure. So do I in this case.
Betty had not even any case to put before me. Never
was there a limper, less objective, creature. There she
lounges in the arm chair opposite, never thinking she need
speak, or invent, or comment, or do any of the tricks
which human beings have devised for keeping the
water fresh. One stagnates kindly, gently - She is
a nice girl, by which I mean gentle & affectionate
but also clinging & selfish & egotistical. She says
Dress is a great snare. She says she loves with
golden people - She says she means to go abroad &
learn singing. Meanwhile she has taken a flat in
the Queens Road, so far from her haunts that
She must launch out, & spends hours daily
wandering the streets looking in at shop windows &
suppose & coveting dresses.

Who else? Roger & Bob: Both with their lid on,
not talking but bubbling underneath - It had to be
kept under or would have foamed all over us.
Much talk of the Nahan, wh, as I should have
recorded, is sold to Shaynard & a group, & our
future one more finite uncertain: Both Hunt

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fabricate double, whereby record my expectation that we shall emerge richer in 2 months time. Massingham will start a new paper: Maynard will obtain Leonard at a handsome fee. And then 2 – (Ima, before dinner comes.) Rogers lectures, the last. Before it I dined with Noel Olivier (Richard) at the Club. She looked at me with those strange eyes in which a drop seems to have been spilt – a pale blue drop, with a large deep centre – romantic eyes, that seem to behold still Rupert bathing in the river at Christow: eyes pure & wide, & profound it seems. "Or is there nothing behind them?" I as good as asked her. Why didn't you marry any of those romantic young men? – Why? – why? She didn't know, said she had moods: all Oliviers are mad she said. And Rupert had gone with Cathleen Nesbitt & she had been jealous, & he had spoken against women & gone among the Egyptians & changed. But when she reads his love letters – beautiful beautiful love letters – real love letters, she said – she cries & cries. How direct & unyielding these young women are. But she is "over 30" – she would not say how much. & I am 41: which I confess. So we parted.

Then? – Morgan, buttoned like a hairdresser, cheerful, communicative, but come to talk business & soon gone.

Then Lilian, with her hands in her lap, facing old age, & incredibly bored. The egoism – gentle & blood sucking – of these elderly women! She wanted work, advice, & the names of Inns. I was amused to detect her complete absorption in – Margaret; her childlike record of every symptom meal & habit. But this is natural indeed charming & pathetic too.

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Wednesday
Feb. 7th-

Nevra's wedding day Reflections interspersed. I must describe
Cambridge. We walked from the Station, part Rattee & left,
cold, starry: Diminal, then familiar; Kings College Chapel,
hasty wash & dress, & dine with Sheppard. He was in
Evening Dress. He carried a knobbed cane. Maynard, Norton, & Betty
to dinner. A good deal of raw time had to be manufactured.
I had remained much about Cambridge that day to find myself
alting there was an anti-climax. No one else was elated.
Then off in the motor to the A.D.C. I think I was
Gentlemanly Cadet, rather than moved by Oedipus Rex. The
plot is so well tied; the Kings race so fast. Then the Queens
men's faces, pink & plump under their wigs, moved me. I don't
Know whether memory poured a false mist. Among the
audience were: Leyton, Irene Vanbrugh; Q; Faith; & so on.
And so to bed; with Kings bell ringing very pompously all
Through the night the hours. We were happy & busy all
Sunday, seeing first Sheppard, then Pernel, sitting on the Backs
strolling up to Newnham the way I used to go: then
lunching with the Thirlings & Tredgold is the image of
Christina Rossetti. His faith is charitable. She
has nothing very definite to say. She attends mass. She
is happier & more full of vitality than before the rays.
Gerald, the rays, took her to be confirmed. watched with
interest &, Quaker, but has taken no further steps. I think she makes
the most of chance words he lets fall. So to the Moores,
finding Moore smoking alone, who asked us directly to
whether we would come up or how the children brought down.
Aunt Dorothy was bathing Timothy & smoking - a
truncated woman, amiable, red, a little beery; another
cheery; & Moore staid, very kindly. Dearie to the
baby, crying for food, like a wise old nurse. Rather
they were like a couple of fat beavers with their
young. Fine little cubs too, fat, hard, sturdy, likely to

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do as all creed when we are all dead. The elegance note will creep in, & shall be justified of these times. Then to Maynards. I must say the pleasantest sitting room I have ever been in, owing to the colours & paintings. Curtains & Decorations of Bell & Grant. Were dined well. Ramsay, the unknown guest, was something like a Dervish, broad, thick, powerful, & a great mathematician, & clumsy to boot. I must I should say, a true Apostle. The party began after a few brilliancies in my best about religion; ~~too much~~ effectual which I did not know how to unreel. I said. And Maynard wiped the old hall smartly rolling. Indeed we were rather talk-dazed. And as people arrived, I suppose our eyes true; our brain stales. Lucas is slightly deaf, & pure & genius. heads that is rather an effort to talk to in the grand style, about literature. Besides, I rather wished to hear Sprott praise Jacobs Room. Never mind. Mr Birch, honourable Mr Birch of Fife, was introduced; like a white wild fox, body perfectly trained, intelligence ~~not~~ wild. not a bad Combination. Like Vita she detests the drollopeing honours of the great calls her family dull - stupid. Complacencies of a girls life. Lowndes Square, Ascot, & Nancy who said against what they call Bo-Bemians. He should have married a Gentleman. & is now in Cambridge society believing in Tosy as I could see, & in Mr Wedgwood, or something taking from our hands whatever we choose to give.

The depression which I mentioned comes partly from the uncertainty about the Nation. Leonard thinks himself a failure. And what use is there in ~~it~~ denying a depression which is irrational? Can I always think myself one two? It is inevitable. And there was Maynard arrived & them, yet our Senior. The absurd unreality of this as a standard strikes me,

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but it does not carry to make these truths effective. This unpleasant waiting is a dependent kind of way to know what Massingham will do. The signs are favourable. Ramsay Muir, Maynard's Editor, is on all hands a dull dog; Maynard is entreating Tomkinson to join him, & so support him against the Wee Frees, who are his co-directors. My notion is, he will float the Nation, make a splash, then dive off, & leave it to its fate within the year. It will dwindle & die.

Massingham is optimistic, but delays at Monte Carlo, & we only hear vaguely that he has a good chance of starting a Thursday weekly to coincide with the break in March 1st. stud over dispersion comes two from the Prime Year, wet — wan, & from Joad drawling vein, & Ralph Unbeknownen, & from Lytton hint that he means to Want the Todmarsh Press alone. Here, however, is some mystery, for Cavenagh professed to know nothing yet, & would only admit to a press for printing reserved books, on Commission — I think Joad & Ralph Daily for lunch & tea, & the need for bright talk depress alas; & I shall be glad when the 15th March arrives. I suppose the Press must now lose something of its charm, & become more strenuous: acquiring in lieu a different charm. But I wish Joad were, somehow, a lady. Now to Wigmore Hall with Season to hear a severe Franck quartet, beyond me and Doubt.

Saturday Feb: 10th

The omens are, I think, more favourable. Maynard has presented an ultimatum, to the effect I think, but there was gathered on the telephone, that he will not work with Ramsay Muir. For my own part what with this & that, I think it fairly certain that Massingham's side will now prevail, in some form or other, since even if the Rowntrees are ragging as red as ever, they must be open eyed enough to see that they can't safely desert their trust in

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the Wee Frees minus Maynard. Then we have £40 from income
tax return - I dream I see a feather floating persuasively from
that region where the Gods abide. So I said as we
walked in the cemetery this afternoon. A charwoman
was planting hyacinths on a wet grave. She was
all wet grey wool; dark, drab, like a jackal; &
I prowled two among the graves to look at names, & ascertain
who could be deserving of several tons of granite crucifixes —
the Welsh widows, so it turned out. On we walk again.
The spring the spring, I sing in imitation of Wagner -
saw a gorse bush set with soft yellow buds. Then
we got into the Park, where the rain drove days -
human home, & so back, in the stroke of three. This
now our plan (a day old) to walk from 2 to 3;
paint from 3 to 5; delay our tea; & so make
headway. Infact set up a little of Read. Morgan
is finished, save for one last printing off. Ralph
sticks on, defiant, argumentative, & gives me the
fewest opinions of the manly virtues.

Is Mary an Ensample of the womanly? She may be a
Good actress. She had a long talk with me two days ago,
in the dusk, over the fire. The upshot yet is to my mind
a little Complex, does Vanessa misrepresent her?
I don't accuse her of brilliance & wit. But I think I detect
a humbler spirit than I expected: she is, she said, shy.
And she never takes the people who like her, but attaches
herself in spite of all snubs to those she likes. This
refers to 46. She has a temper. She flies out. She
would like to live with people in numbers — not merely
see them. (Thought this sincere) She might be one
of those compulsive affectionate, rather unfortunately
circumstanced natures who are to me interesting

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perpetually venturing out, rashly unfortunate, & then
snubbed back again; aspiring, fastidious, vain & so on,
but impelled by a kind of passion, for Clive I suppose,
which is sincere. Then of course I rate a woman's sensibility
sympathy very high, as pleasure gives that is. Nor is
she unbiblical - far from it. Didn't she tell me she could
think me lovable if my desire for admiration about
everything were not so insatiable? No, I said, I only
want in most points to be assured that I'm of the
average human stature. I have my astonishing
points & kinks, as you do. For I can't imagine you shy.
Yet you say you can hardly bring yourself to enter the
Ritz! - your triumphal path. I should have said.
And is she really homalous? a far more instinctive
nature than mine & Vanessa's & therefore one we are
likely to misjudge. Nothing new, she said, would ever
happen to her again. She loves pleasure, I note: &
though she does breathe words not purely love forward
to the summer. She will get the blanks out, she said.
What I suppose I talked most, about myself. How
I'd been depressed since Jan. 3rd. We ran it to earth, I think,
by discovering that I began Journalism on that day.
Last Ex Thursday. Think. I intend to fiction, to the
present movement will bring glory entire day.
I wonder, this next lap will be influenced by Proust?
I think his French language, Madrian, &c. prevents
that: yet his command of every resource is so
extravagant that one can hardly fail to profit. &
ment not slavish, through [illegible]dice.

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Monday
19th Feb

How it would interest me if this diary were ever to become a real diary, something in which I could see changes, true moods developing: but then I should have to think & find, & did I not launch the boat when I began? What happens is, as usual, that I'm forcing to write about the boat, & life breaks in: Talking of diaries & sets me thinking of old Kate, in the dining room at 4 Rosary Gardens; & how she opened the ~~side~~ cabinet (such I remember) & there on a row on a shelf were her diaries from Jan 1 1877. Some were brown, others red, all the same to a t. And I made her read an entry: one of many thousand days, like pebbles on a beach: morning, evening, afternoon, without accent. Oh how strangely unaccented she is, reiting there to all the hiss, whirl, unpointed, level, zagacious, with the mute sagacity of an Elephant or grey mare! Only once or twice did I strike a spark on the one remaining pale blue eye, which is tenderer than the glass was. Orderly solidity ~~of~~ marked every atom there. The vases stood on mats: each was upholstered with a kind of maidenhair. The ~~four~~ cards - 6 - were ranged on the mantelpiece. Italian, whose, in frames. Red tiles newly dusted. Green walls. Objects that came from India: bookcase that belonged to Nan. Did I remember it. And dear Kate I intend to live to 1944 when I shall be 84. And on her last day she will say to the charwoman who attends her, Nancy me dear burn the drawers which you will find in the cabinet: & new, put them on the fire. I scarcely tried to destroy what had the sculptured alumni appearance of alabaster just beneath glass.

In scribbling this, I am led away from my book, which interests me nevertheless. My mind peeped out

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for this the soul I fancy that comments on visitors & reports their comments & sometimes sets up such a to-do in the central departments of my machinery that the whole globe gyres & wimbles to a button head.
I think this dwindling is often the result of talking to fellow rabbi people. They make the world pinch back. Now with my dear old Leo, such cheapening is unknown. Oh no, at any he may refuse to kindle, but he never detracts: & so, when he does kindle, the glow is the purer for being red — what I do in the fire now, reading in white. Philip wished to be an actor & suffers from dual personality. He sees himself, & seldom identifies — sees himself farmer, host, speaker, & so on. But talking to Leo he felt himself single, as he said, & there is something dilated in the finality of his emotion. He is an amorous man. a man of a different generation & tradition, in blue over waistcoat a Jewish, lazy man of the world, half aesthete, appreciating furniture pictures, but liking my wood: among what humbugs. & palming them off on us plausibly enough — Ottoline &c. Layers of shifting vapour trail over him perpetually, keep him restless, chattering uneasy. They have shut Julian in a Convent School at Roehampton in order to break the stubborn materialism of the nature. She conflicts with Otts: vision of the universe. Philip says she runs after young men. And Philip has had his treat by the fountain-side. Then all, a cat the foundations, a little obscene & pullulating, rough on the surface so admirable, plausible — yes, plausible is the word that recurs, & uneasy.

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We had a nice visit from the Nicolsons. She is a pronounced Sapphist, & may, thanks Ethel Sands, have an eye on me, old though I am. Nature might have sharpened her faculties. Such as I am, I trace her passion 500 years back, & they become romantic to me, like old yellow wine. I fancy the tang is gone. Harold is simple down right bluff; wears short black coat & check trousers. wishes to be a writer, but is not I'm told & can believe, adapted by nature. Soul, you see, is fraying all these judgments, & saying as the sky by the fire, this is not to my liking this is delendable, this vulgar: this vile, this rare, & so on. And how should my soul know? My soul diminished, alas, as the Evening wore on: & the contraction is almost physically depressing. I reflect maybe that I'm the sink of 50 million pneumonia germs with a temperature well below normal. And so these contractions are largely physical, I've no doubt. And we are still in suspense. Macdonagh is back; but Maynard is on the war path. Mac[n] is playing full speed ahead. He has his cold mercy. Strangely enough. I with my telephone, am acting as go between. I send out Maynard's plans from Nina's & telephones them on to Mac[n]. And also I am trying to pull wires, to seat Tom at the Nation as literary editor, & unseat my foe Mrs Royde Smith. Had I time I could detail my activities, & glory in my own importance. Yes. I am grown up. I give advice. I am taken seriously: & this no longer flusters me with excitement. I am a little tired indeed. & could wish that poor dear Tom had more

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Yesterday in town, her need to let drop by drop this agonized perplexity. Jack bent so finely through pure cambric. One waits; sympathizes. Interest dreary work. Its as if like a person about to break down - unlimitedly scrupulous, tautological, & cautious.

Poor Snow can scarcely have her portrait drawn. But how I pelied her! like an old woman forced to stare at a pitiless light. The flesh & grace of life have left her - She is brittle, airy, might blow along the gutter. Her old sparks & activities have demolished. She was nervous, had lost confidence, as if life had thrown her, but she must still ride on. I could feel her cringing me. Yet I like, but still it depresses me. And then she wavers, apologizes, says "Oh for would be bored if I came to stay!" & looks so keenly at me, - went to be deceived. She amazed me by saying that the streets of Cheltenham are notoriously unsafe. Foot passengers are perpetually killed by tricycles. Yet the rarest thing to meet through with out seeing one. Was her story. The old lady of 94 poking the fire - almost breaking her own body with the coal. Sometimes she does fall down, as it is light as a leaf to pick up. The sits in a room with a skylight. - Sometimes can see a tree wave, but never feels at.

Tuesday 5th March

Undoubtedly this has been a very unpleasant Quarter. I date our misery from Jan. 3rd. The main grievance has been that Nation affair, which hangs over us, lifting, then lowering, as this at the present moment - low & black over our heads. Mrs Jones on April 7th: our welcome ceases: Maynard has made us no definite offer - but that I think is

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assured so far as L. goes. But that is only £120 p.a:
& we shall have to scrape up the rest rather dismally,
doing journalism, I suppose. Mrs is now said to
be waiting for the return of a gentleman in the East,
who will be is certain to enhance him. The scheme is
off till October anyhow. But it's not the money
trouble that worries us: but something psychological.
The gloom is more on Linda than on mine. Mine is
a gloom like a mist that comes & goes. One is
unsettled. I slip into different circles – like Mary's,
E. Sands', the Richmonds' concert, & come home
either exalted or depressed. My chairs look dirty.
Then the social question rises between L. & me.
Shall we
Shall we be becoming 'respectable'? Lh. Are we
Dine with the Richmonds. L. says no. I regret it.
yes, somehow I regret it piteously, this shuttering of the
door upon suburban kindness. I love the chatter &
excitement of other people's houses. Have I not
just said that it depresses me too? But then I
wanted to meet Percy Lubbock & shove myself off as a
woman who can talk decent & so on. I ask
people here too often. In short I must take the social
side into my own hands. I have, I think, got Reading
on its feet. & hope to make way, & find my solace in
that. But still I want to make life fuller & fuller.
Rose Katherine has taken to scrubbing the earth; she
has been seen at Brett's; by the charwoman. I
feel this somehow a kind of judgement on her for
writing the kind of thing she did. Brett told me
the story the other day & seemed to have a respect
that I could not have taken this comfort from her head
I would not do I work, seriously, to obstruct any

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decent investigation of brain & nerves, seeing how much I've
suffered that way myself. But then Brett is not
scientific: she at once takes the old fables seriously,
& repeats some jargon learnt of dunnery, but no
doubt diluted in transit about Day & night, birth, & therefore
death, all being beautiful. She feels the 'contact' the rays:
& has had revelations; & there she sat, inspired, solitary,
brooding over death, & hearing voices, which soon will become, I
expect, entirely fabulous, & even now talking to her has
a good deal robbed the image of L.M. of its distinctness.
For it came distinctly back when I read her letter.
And I saw her wink when poor Brett's note was
handed in, & she said that little person could react, or
something like that. Now B. colonises her, & invents her
with every subtlety of mind & soul. Do people always
get what they deserve, & did L.M. do something to
deserve this cheap posthumous life? & am I jealous
even now?

No: I think one can be honest at my age.
Old Elena crossed the room to talk to me on Sunday. Oh
how shy I was! How maternly & magnificent in a
black rich black way she was! & we couldn't look
each other in the eyes – at least I couldn't: & she felt me
shabby, self-conscious, inhuman no doubt. I am
putting down notes to use later in re-constructing this period.
There is, I think, a sense of frustration & sterility about just
now. Partly the Nation again, I've no doubt. partly ...
Never mind, I say: once get my claws into my writing & I'm
safe. Eliot slightly disillusions me too; he is
decent, plaintive, egotistical; what it amounts to is
that poverty is unbecoming. Its nibbles at cheques.
Jane, the offer, to co-operate with Royde Smith, is a
weighed cheque. But he elaborates & complicates,

makes one feel that he dreads life as a cat dreads water. But if I hint so much he is all claws. Now, considering my activity on his behalf no doubt I have some of the vile & patronising feelings of the benefactor. Yet American, & says: what a neurotic. I consulted Anna Richmond — another proof of my importance. He said emphatically "He's not the man for the job." I can't help agreeing. But life, life! How I long to take you in my arms & crush you out.

Sat. 17th March.

London, for a wonder at 10 o'clock at night, with L. doing Voltaire at the white table; the fire rather hot, & my brain saturated with The Silent Woman. I am reading her because we now read plays at 46. 46 is become a centre for how long we don't know, as Margaret married afterwards. Nessa, astride her fine Arab, life I mean, takes further upheavals ah in the days work. I daresay I shall feel it more. 46 has been very pleasant this winter. Two night ago the Nicolsons dined there. Exposed to electric light Eff shows dark patches. I mean we judged them both incurably stupid. He is bluff, but oh so obvious: She, when Lytton left, took the cue from him, & had nothing free to say. There was Lytton, ruffled & subtle as an old leather glove, to emphasise their stiffness. It was a rocky sleepy evening. We had the photographs out. Lytton said "I don't like your mother's character. Her mouth seems complacency" & a sharp private light fell across my dusky rich red past. And then? As to the book, I've been snubbed by Squire. I sent him my memoirs article, asking terms: he accepted, offering £13: £15 I said, or my MS. back: & got it back by return. And now I accept £13 — which perhaps I shant get after all. Yet I don't much mind. I only think that poverty & the thrills it puts me to is unbecoming, as I've said. Poor Tom the other day

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actually couldn't speak for tears (thanking me) on the telephone.
He is broken down, & yet must buckle to & decide: shall he
take the Nation? Can he defeat Maynard? I'm tried up
writing the word guarantee - which is what he claims.
To shew his state, Richmond actually rang me up at 10. P.M.
& asked me to intervene with Maynard. He seems distraught'
he said. Whether distraught people can edit the Nation lit. sups.
I doubt. And am more or less my own
feel important. And after all we are happy. And Ralph is
gone, casually, to Westmt Yard bye. I have seen
Osbert Sitwell, Sebastian Sprot & Mr. Mortimer.
As Nena says, we are becoming fashionable. Sprot & I
lunched at Manzi's; then, tipsy with echoing brains,
went to tea at Hills in High Street. Insensibly as I felt a
rich: he is very poor. His mother used to attend Barker's
linen sales, so that he knew High Street. I don't know why his
Experience seemed to me so meagre. His father is a solicitor at
Crowborough. He wished to meet Ottoline. He is hungry as a
wolf, & snaffling up delicacies in an alarming way.
That his age had met Ottoline! — Still, I wasn't much
older. I have been reflecting about Dorothy again, & think one gift
Dorothy is that it needs courage. The going into town properly
dressed is alarming. No one cares for one: that finds
Dorothy: yet one is on equal terms with one's fellows. The
privileges of the fireside no longer prevail. But I feel
it off till October; & I don't know where yet I shall alight.
Indeed this is scribbled before a break.— Only for one month.
But then physically, perhaps spiritually, the journey is
long. How quiet writing is at night, I don't know.
At an age when I tried, & I find my head full of
yellow stuffing: hot; in shoals. And to-morrow I must get
on with How it Strikes a Contemporary. Alas, for the
break in my scheme of work: but we must make merry
just when I don't want to: & do the novels get shelved,
- Reading, which I had tackled afresh, must be put away,
& I must accept Desmond's renewing, & Maynard two, if
offered: Still I haven't any good cause to complain.

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Friday
March 23rd

No, not much reason to complain. L. has just come in with an offer from Maynard of the literary editorship of the Nation. Well, that unexpected! Here have I been tracking there 3 weeks to make Elliot take it; finally he shied; — This is the result. No doubt there are drawbacks, but it means safety for the moment, ease and leisure. And to me it would open interesting vistas — but here I am with the typhoid fumes & can't write

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Friday
May 11th

The long break deserves a line, since I shall scarcely commemorate it otherwise. Have I not written my finicle leader, written for the first number of the Nation? Do Spain! Am I not nothing waiting for L. to 'come back from the office' like other wives. It annoys me to be like other wives- Oh the horrid! No - damn it: only Nelly Somerset. As I say, I cannot go into the journey. The Temples. Renan. Spain, Paris, et cetera. I stayed in Paris by way of facing life. Yes. I clap the spurs to my flanks. & dies nearly taking fences gallantly. I took Jane a Hope: Weak French of Jam in future to reflect myself. I meant to use this diary to pull myself up from four nights debauch of journalism. Nation's affairs, & so on, I must make out a work scheme. But for a moment I will dally with Dr Crippen. Margery is doing well, a sign of which is that we now scarcely notice her accent. If she were doing badly it would grate upon us intolerably. We are well up in our books. Morgan dined here the other night. We tried to cajole him to wait with £10 p. 1; ours for bait. But I don't want £200 a year" he said. "I daresay)

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I could spend it if I had it, but I don't want it to do what vice could we append to? Vanity was not much touched. Then he has an assured regard for principles. People he respects think that Mrs. was badly treated. At any rate, Morgan wd. not like to work for us, & not for Desmond who pays £4 instead of £10. He is detached as a friend and we couldn't screw him. So far, we don't feel the Nation blood your blood. It may turn that way. We work very hard at it. It has temptations & attractions. Are they balance the drawback, I don't yet know. I like having the pick of new books. My own authority over the reviewing staff is not very exciting. I am a little malicious perhaps. People crowd & crush & scream for work. You're muddy enough to say, now don't be worrying. I'm not going to give you any. I have been so often in their position. But these delights are not very profound. I'm afraid it looks as though Reading must again be shelved. Can't afford not to make hay just now. One article a month paid at £15 or so. And that precisely uses the time I had to spend from writing on my novel. Yet, to take up my work account, I think I must edge in a little time every now & then at Reading. I am at the Greek chapter (in reading) Shall I read a little Greek? My notion is that I can only sketch the Chaplin. - I must perpetually enrich it from time to time. Or should I plunge into early Elizabethan, & learn effectually ignorant? What happened between Chaucer & Shakespeare? I think that attracts me as a haze. Make notes then; & directly afterwards open Dante or at the Parlm. of Chaucer. One might read Troilus & Cressida; but I don't feel inclined

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Sunday
May 12th 07

It is a curious fact that I can write this diary when I am too much distracted to read. Being Sunday, I am clearing up old letters, half formal; & seven strikes: & 15 minutes can't be made much of for any purpose. I might attempt a portrait. Karin was here yesterday with Ann. Adrian is altogether broken up by psycho analysis. (long interruptions question of painting Read) His view went in pieces with a view to reconstruction. The doctor says he is a tragedy: & his tragedy consists in the fact that he can't enjoy life unless yet. I am probably responsible. I should have married with him instead of hanging on to the Elders. So he walked, pale, under a shine of vivacious brothers & sisters. Karin says we shall see a great change in 3 months. But Noel would have done what nine ordinary doctors can do. The truth is that Karin, being deaf, & as the heavenly Jap, "your sister-in-law lacks humanity, as perhaps you've noticed", the truth is she does not fertilise the rank places in Adrian. Neither did I. Had mother lived, or father been screened off — well, I put it too high to call it a tragedy. Ann is like him. pale. lank, sensitive. with the long cold fingers I know so well. For my part, I doubt if family life has all the power & evil attributed to it, or psycho-analysis of God. I liked Karin: disliked her: & then felt come over me some mood of depression, not worth listening when here. Morgan told me that when he & Mortimer discussed novelists the other day they agreed that Lawrence & I were the only two whose future interested them. They think of my next book, which I must call "The Hours", with excitement. This does encourage me. Oddly enough. I get praise from my contemporaries, or younger ones: never from old stagers, who are said to step so generously from their platforms with words of encouragement.

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Monday.
June 4th

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But I cannot describe Jassing Em. Hunting seven people to tea; a bunch of young men not keener than asparagus: walking in & out, round & round; complimentary attentions, & then their stuffing and mud - which is what interests me at the moment. A loathing overcomes me of human boys - their impudicity, their vanity - & wearisome & rather defiling talk with Ott. last night in the foundation of their complacent — & then the blend in one's own mind of scarcity & sweetness with contempt & bitterness. Her Egotism is so great. "I am much more sensitive than most people" she said to Jaques. The first week she said that she meant. She returns to that subject again & again — to herself that is. And her hair is taken away, all outlines Lyt on Saturday night I liked her. Their was all beauty. He said strange like Sophocles. You saw the sea through the columns. Then we discussed Shaw: he said he wanted to write about Shaw as a dramatist: not as a philosopher or poet. He wanted to discuss his contrasts. The scene with Emilia in Othello for instance. And he may write on Shaw from that point of view And Sir Thomas Browne & the letters of Phalaris, I think he has written something that pleases him. He is absolutely happy. He is in love with Ralph.

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He has that extraordinary sympathy he said tenderly, Nemulously, talking of Rabbi & Othello. But why not let merely his Cadence in the Thought of Lysbeth – so true, flexible, infinitely nimble, & humane? I seldom get long in complete agreement with anyone. But here I think one's feeling should be emphasised. Lord Ivered is a pretty boy. Puffin Asquith an ugly ne-vrizened, un un-impressive. Sharp. like a street boy. Sackville West reminded me of a peevish Ship Girl. They have all the same clipped Cockney speech. pertinacious, & total unimpressionable. Yet we asked Lord David Cecil to write for the Nation, & also a dull fat man called Hartley. What puts me on edge is that I'm writing like this here, & spoke so differently to Ott: I'm over peevish in private, partly in order to assert myself. I am a great deal interested suddenly in my book. I want to bring in the Cleopatorishness of people like Ott: I want to give the impression of the soul. I have been too tolerant often. The truth is people scarcely care for each other – They have this insane instinct for life. But they never become attached to things they entrench themselves. Puff said he loved his family, & had nothing whatever to knock over. He looked cold indecency. So did Lord Ivered. This must be – pleasure in their set. Puff said – I don't quite know what I walked round the respectable garden with him, passing Lytton Strachey with Ryam Tanner on a green seat. I wound the field with Sackville West, who said he was better, & was writing a better 2 novel, & wound the lucky with Menasseh (?) an Egyptian Jew, who

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said he liked her family, & they were mad & talked like books;
& he said that they spoiled my writings (the Oxford youth) —
wanted me to sow & speak; & then there was Mrs. Asquith.
I was impressed. She is stone white: with the brown
veiled eyes of an aged falcon; & I see them more
depth & penetrating than I expected; a character, with her
friendliness, & care, & discretion. Oh give me old hen-like
Shelley's poems, & not Shelley the man! she said. Shelley
was quite intolerable, she pronounced; She is a rigid
frigid puritan; & misspits & spending thousands on dress.
She richer life, if you like; & has picked up a thing or two,
which I should like to plunder & never shall. She
led Lytton off, & plucked his arm, & harried. —
Margot 'people' surprised her; yet was very attached
to 'people' when she had to be: sat on the
window sill talking to a black shabby embroideress,
to whom Olt: is being kind. That one sees horrors —
She is always being kind in order to say to herself at
night, Then Ottoline invites the poor little
embroideress to her party. & so to round off her own
picture cheerily. To sneer like this has a physical
discomfort in it. She bored me. I looked wonderfully
well, oh. I disliked. Why? I wonder. Because I
had had a headache perhaps, partly. But to be
well & use strength to get more out of life is, surely,
the greatest joy in the world. What I dislike is
feeling that I'm always taking care, or being
taken care of. Never mind. work, work.
Lytton says we have still 20 years before us. Mrs

Asquith said the loved Scott. If I had time I would describe my surprise visit from Sydney, & my revelations about Murry; duplicity. This is a very fine book, Sydney said. Sydney said that Murry has an angel & a devil in him. That is melodramatic said Sydney; but I do believe it. Dunning believes it. I can't help liking Sydney - fundamentally honest; fundamentally weak: pathetic; & now settling down to 'report', which is very delightful. And he's a vegetarian. Such a simplification, he said. That if I saw you every day for a week I could tell you what has been happening to me. Vegetarianism is part of a whole revolution - Wish I knew it without being told it. And the Adelphi would inform me, were I ignorant. Now for Mem Married for the Times.

Wednesday June 13th

Nessa is back & the London season is in full swing. So I judged yesterday in the Aeolian Hall, ~~talking~~ listening, in a dazed way, to Ethel Sidgwick reciprocating through the megaphone. There was Lady Colefax in her hat with the green ribbons. Did I say that I lunched with her last week? That was Wednesday day & it rained, & all the light was brown & cold, & the women talking talking, in consecutive sentences like the Sharings that come from prisoners, artificial, but unbroken. It was not a successful party, Clive & Lytton & me. For Clive's back; & he dined here with Leo Myers the other night; & then I went to Golders Green & sat with Mary Sheepshanks in her Garden, & beat up the waters of talk, as I do so courageously, to what that life might be worked. The fresh breeze what

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breaking all the thick hedges which divide the gardens. Somehow, extraordinary emotions honored me. I forgot now what. Often I have to control my excitement — as if I were speaking through a screen: or as if something heat physically close to me. What this portends I don't know. It's a general sense of the beauty of existence that overcomes me. Often it's connected with the sea & it was. Going to 46 continues to excite. Dear old Nessa returned shabby, brave, busy: 44, so she said. The sight of 2 coffins in the underground passage there I daresay contributed all my feelings. I have the sense of the flight of time: & this shortens up my emotions. As I sat talking, both now well known women, — it comes to that. At dinner we discussed what school Quentin should go to. "It means to be a painter, said Nessa. "Yes" said Quentin, as if he were saying yes, I am in love." At least it made me feel queer. Nothing else of great importance has happened. I thought to describe my Edith Sitwell's poems, but I kept saying to myself "I don't really understand... I don't really admire." The only view, presentable view that I framed, was to the effect that she was monotonous. She has one tune only on her merry go round. And she makes her verse keep step accurately to this stompette. This seems to be wrong; but I'm all sandy with writing criticism. I must be off to my book again. Leo Meyer, who is glazed with disillusionment & middle age, as tongues are glazed, said that my turn about method is wrong. She does say so. He goes in for this kind of frigid examination of things. He has no impulse, nothing to do. He goes out every night everywhere

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Clive & he cabbed Victoria St the Democrande. Next day Clive rang up & said he had been ashamed. I fancy Clive is trying to take on a leaf or two in his white waistcoat of dissipation. And as usual I want – I want – But what do I want? Whatever I had, I should always say I want. I want. Yet sometimes see me sitting at the window there tomorrow with L. will be very entertaining But then I want to go to the Opera. Leo Myers said we all feel excluded. Yet he has £,000 a year, tax pd, 2 houses, 2 children, 1 motor car. We try to improve each Other he said: & had told me of a journey to Cherbourg for the pasture. True, I was deeply Conscience-stricken. I said to myself he crowned in the Aquitanian: then he was quite free to do anywhere he liked. His life was full of romance. And it was I who got the romance by thinking this, not poor Leo, who is glazed like a tongue. For the rest. I should be working in Mr Elliot's work, now, directly, in the morning. I say nothing about Duncan's show: about Mollie Hamilton & Henderson who dined last night, or Bob.

Tuesday June 17th 1919 2

I took up this book with a kind idea that I might say something about my writing – what was prompted by glancing at what K.M. said about her writing in the Novel Next. But I only glanced. She said a good deal about feeling things deeply: also about being sure. What I want confidence. Though of course I very well could. But now what do I feel about

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my writing?. -this book, that is, The Hours, of that -its name?
One must write from deep feeling, said Wordsworthy. And do I?
Or do I fabricate such words, loving them as I do?
No I think not. In this book I have almost too many
ideas. I want to give life & death, sanity & insanity;
I want to criticise the social system, & to show it at work,
at its most intense.— But here I may be wrong. I
heard from Ka this morning that she doesn't like Mrs
Woolf. At once I feel refreshed. I become
anonymous, a person who writes for the love of it.
She takes away the motive of praise, & lets me
feel that without any praise, I should be content to
go on. This is what Vanessa said of his painting the
other night. I feel as if I stripped off all my ball dress
& stood naked - which as I remember was a very
pleasant thing to do. But to go on. Am I writing
The Hours from deep emotion? Of course the mad
part tries me so much, makes my mind so queer so
badly that I can hardly face thinking the night work
at it. It's a question though of these characters.
People, like Arnold Bennett, say 'Dont create, or
don't create R. characters that survive. My
answer is — but I share that to the Nation: it's only
the old argument that character is dissipated into
threads now: the old Scott-Dostoevsky argument.
I daresay it's true, however that I haven't that
reality' gift: I unsubstantise, wilfully to some
extent, distrusting reality - its cheapness. But to
get further. do How I the power of controlling

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the true reality? Or do I write essays about myself?
Answer these questions as I may, in the uncomplimentary
sense, a still there remains this excitement. To get to
the bones, now I'm writing fiction again I feel my
force flow straight from me at its fullest. After a
dose of criticism I feel that I'm writing sideways,
using only an angle of my mind. This is
justification: for free use of the faculties means
happiness. I'm better company, more of a human
being. Nevertheless, I think it most important in
this book to go for the central things. Even though they
don't interest, as they should however, to beautification
in language. No, I don't mind my creator the Sharers,
who work in my flesh after the manner of the jigger
insect. It's annoying, indeed degrading, to have these
there better senses. Still, I think of the 18th Century. But
then they were overt, not covert, as now.
I foresee, to return to the Hours, that this is going to
be the devil of a struggle. The design is so queer & so
masterful. I'm always having to wrench my substance
to fit it. The design is certainly original, &
interests me hugely. I should like to write away &
away about very quick & pure. Needless to say, Hunt.
In three weeks from today I shall be dried up.
Having made this very inadequate confession
about the novel, I may turn now to the body — which is
money & America & Mr Crowninshield. I'm
asked to write for Vanity Fair & shall be paid
says Clive £25 an for 1500 words: & get £15
from the Nation; a two months ago I was hawking
articles of 5,000 words to Jack Squire for £13.

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Do you like Lolworney Famous? Marjorie asked me yesterday. The truth is I'm being pushed up, but many people are saying that I shant last, & perhaps I shant. So I return to my old feeling of nakedness as the backbone of my existence, which indeed it is.

For the rest, I've observed in Cornwall & the remoter parts of Weybridge that we are living through a storm of oblogy & must be entirely engrossed in the Nation's affairs.

It is not so at Hogarth House. I'm no longer so excited about the contents of L's despatch box. But one thing I do feel pretty certain about & here conclude it to my diary — We must have Richmond & set up in Garden Mrs arguments are so well known to me that I cant bother to write them down. But when things come upon me on a clap I generally achieve them, because they are then things that matter to me. Leonard remains to be converted, & my God, the more — the horror — the servants. Still this is life — never to be vetting down for longer than one feels inclined.

24th June. This may be life; but I doubt that I shall ever content L. & now sit down baffled & depressed to face a life spent mute — mitigated, in the suburbs. just as I had seen myself that I could at last go fast speed ahead. For the capacities in me will never again 40, accumulate again. And I mind missing life far more than he does; for spiritual life to him is the sense that his life is true. Oh to be able to skip in & out of things easily, to be in them, not on the verge of them — I resent this effort & waste. My evenings are now wasted because I'm dining with the Meyers. But what should be my course now? Really. I think. to find out exactly how much I mean by this. But half the horror is that L. instead growing, as I gathered, sympathetic has the old rigid obstacle — ill health. And I cant recognise his head & mind, yet the obstacle is surely

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new a dead hand, which one should no longer let dominate our
most years of life - Oh to dwindle them out here with all these
Gefes, & abbreviations! Always to catch trams, always to
waste time. to sit here & wait for Leonard to come in;
to spend hours standing at the top of type with Marjory,
to wonder what to ask for - when, alternatively, I might go -
hear a tune, or have a look at a picture, or find out
something at the British Museum, or go adventuring among
human beings. Sometimes I should merely walk down
Cheapside. But now I'm tied, imprisoned, inhibited.
All I can do is to pretend I'm writing something very
important, or reading with a view to a book I shall never
write. (I'm clutching pen playfully on paper like a leopard
starved for blood - a stout walk & dress - so do not, in
years to come, look too harshly upon this stint entry, the
effusion ~~effusion~~ expression groaning yet unheard) Then is the pith
of my complaint. Forever to be suburban. & I don't think
minds are this as much as Jobs. But then, Lord! (not Lord in
Mr. Forrester sense) what I owe to them! What he fevers are!
Well, I say, surely we could get more from life than we do -
not be too much of a Puritan, of a Dissatisfaction, doesn't
he through books & training accept a drastic discipline
two fanatics, or rather, with two Spartan a ~~disciple~~
self control? There is, I suppose, a very different element in
us: my social side, his intellectual side. Their social
side is very genuine in me. Nor do I mind it reprehensible.
It is a piece of jewellery I inherit from my mother - a
gay in laughter, something that is stimulated, not
helpfully wholly or vainly, by contact with my
friends. And then ideas leap in me. Moreover, for my
work now I want freer intercourse, wider intercourse -
a new, at 41, having done a little work, I set my
wages partly in mistakes. I might know people.

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In Richmond this is impossible. Either we have arduous
pantries at long intervals, or I make my frenzied dashes up
to London & leave, faithfully, as the clock strikes 11.

But let me besmirch me that L. is very hard worked: this
present state must go on till next Christmas & to be
forever worrying is fatal & cruel & only makes
the question harder to settle amicably. Still I
am I am depressed & baffled.

Saturday July 8th

To-day went to Diss with the Myers; & this now the
hottest day of the year. & I don't want to grumble; having
seen many people — Anyhow, if a move is to be made,
it can't be till the autumn, or new year. Anyhow I am
content at present, or moderately so. I am also; rather energetic;
asked to write for 2 American Papers, & so on & so on.
I never said that Vanity Fair has invited me & the Dial —
and Broom as well as the Nation & the Times. so that I can't
help thinking myself about as successful journalistically as
any woman going. But that is not saying much.
I wish I could write the Heroes as freely & vigorously as I
write Fleshwater, a Comedy. It's a strange thing how
arduous I find my novels; & yet Fleshwater is only
prescribed fun; & the Heroes has some serious merit.
I should like though to get ahead & live on it. I
got tempted a week ago, into Comedy writing, & have
scribbled daily. & trust it will be done to-morrow.
Yet I've some reluctance to view myself to the
Heroes again. Never mind. Would it bore me, into
the fire with it!

The New Anglo-Spanish fire is uncomfortable. I
have said nothing about the weather for ages.

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In Richmond this is impossible. Either we have arduous
parties at long intervals, or I make my frenzied dashes up
to London & leave, foolishly, as the clock strikes 11.

But let me congratulate me that L. is very hard worked: the
present state must go on till next Christmas, & to be
forever worrying is fatal & cruel & only makes
the question harder to settle amicably. Still I
am pleased & baffled.

Saturday July 8th

To-day went to dine with the Meyers: & this now the
hottest day of the year. & I don't want to grumble; having
seen many people — Stephen, if a move is to be made,
it can't be till the autumn, or new year. Annual I am
content at present, or moderately so. I am also: rather energetic;
asked to write for 2 American Papers, & so on & so on.
I never said that Vanity Fair has invited me & the Dial —
and Broom as well as the Nation & the Times. so that I can't
help thinking merely about as successful journalistically as
any woman going day. But that is not saying much.
I wish I could write the Heroes as freely & vigorously as I
write Freshwater, a Comedy. It's a strange thing how
authoress find my novels; & yet Freshwater is only
pleasant fun; & the heroes has some serious merit.
I should like things to get ahead & hope so. I
got tempted a week ago, into Comedy writing, & have
scribbled busily. & must get back to it to-morrow.
yet I feel some reluctance to leave myself to the
Heroes again. Never mind. Should it bore me, into
the fire with it!

The Ray's log fire is uncomfortable. I
have said nothing about the weather for ages.

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how many a June melted into this cold cloud. They were plucked from the year. By the way, on re-reading this book I resolved to write rather more carefully, & to record conversations verbatim. It is difficult to write carefully, as I am always having at this book by way of killing time, filling time, or working out the fidgets. After recording conversations, nothing is harder. Let me try.

Dermond. Janet. Leonard Virginia } Scene tea. Time ~~Saturday~~ Friday. 6.15

Dermond. I can't stay to dinner. No I must get back to my mother. She's become quite an old woman. She was thrown 10 years by the Cat, & though no bones were broken, she has lost her memory. She tells the same story over again. She never stops talking about her accident. I am taking her down to the Isle of Wight.

Enter Janet. I was determined to come —

Virginia And is the forest very lovely?

Dermond. All the oaks are being devoured by caterpillars. Yes, you can hear a pattering sound beneath the trees. That is the Caterpillars munching. And if they eat a tree for 3 years, it is dead.

Janet O how dreadful! I do hope that won't happened to our oak trees.

Leonard Well Dermond have we settled our quarrel

V. (explaining to Janet.

They're usual quarrel. Dermond edits the New Statesman. They steal each others reviewers.

Leon'd Dermond steals my reviewers.

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Dermond — Oh the quarrel's all made up — May has who has you got this week:

L. — Bertie & Graves.

Dermond — Oh that's all right. My Bertie comes next week.

So some Jones about the Nation

Dermond — Have you read the second number of the Adelphi? Have you read Murry "I have been a miserable sinner. (acting — striking his heart.. I have lied, I have swindled. I have laughed at what I love; but now I am speaking the truth." He's like a revivalist preacher. I saw Sullivan last week end. He says he doesn't agree with Murry. He's not one of the push. He says you couldn't think how sincere often only judged him by his evidence. But he says he is sincere.

Le. — It's John Bull over again.. "If every reader will get another reader" — & that on top of his revelations about Katherine's death!

V. — I don't object to opening the heart, but I do object to finding it empty. Murry has nothing whatever to reveal. Gerhe has told his witless

Daut — Dear dear. dear dear. dear dear! He talks about his wife's death? Dear. dear.

Dermond — Mortimer has done Katherine this week. But he's not got to the bottom of her. Nor did I.

V. — Nay Dermond, whatever the reason may be the Hawk gets daily better & better. It's never been so fond. People talk about the Hawk: about the Hawk reading the paper for the Hawk.

Dav — Oh come Virginia, I want it as bad as all that before!

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more scenes between Dermid & Leonard.

Janet (to me)

Tuesday 17th July

I forget now, among what Janet said. It was a hot day, I remember. Let me try another conversation. But there have been so many. Shall we attempt old Birrell the other night?

Laughter

Persons: Aug. Birrell: Frances B. Tony B. L. & V. Scene 70 Elm Park Road: just dark panelled dining room; called the library. a room just beneath the glass verandah. large garden. Books all round: regular, back to back books in Lewis's editions. Framed autographs on walls. One from Lamb. Mary has got to learn me - the journey to the ck. Tell Forster."

A. Birrell Oh that's dreadful.

He is a large fine looking old man, in blue shirt, grey hair. no tie. Very vigorous & manly in the Victorian style.

I wish I had Dickens read at Liverpool. [illegible] [the jam away prizes] he had to name a book called Weller. — Weller Mrs Weller, he said: & I assure you there were Mrs Wellers. Everywhere, Judges - every sort of person - & they roared with laughter. No other human being could have done that but just mentioning one of his own characters. You would have taken him for an actor — or a seafaring man. He had a [illegible] blue coat: a great necktie. - a wonderful looking man.

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V: (obediently, formally) And Thackeray, did you know?

A.B: No, never saw him.

V. (" ") You should write your memoirs.

A.B. Good gracious no.

F.B. I can read all biographies – all childhood authors.

A.B. (somehow got onto the Harmsworths) I knew Alfred, the father – an old Bradley Barrister – a nice chap. who may have drunk a little too much – may have. Well he was Vice President of the Club with – met up at St Johns Wood, the Eight Arms. I think. called what was it? The Sylvan, because they met in a wood – a forest somewhere and debated – all young fellows. Alfred the night walking on the Embankment (that Alfred, very dumb in his luck he was. I'm going to die he said, & I've done nothing. I'm leaving my wife, & my children (I think he said) & I've done nothing: Well, I had an inspiration. My dear chaps. I said, you've done the only thing you could do. don't you worry. I said. Take my word for it, there are other boys, I'll do well. They'll look after their mother. You said: & so we granted. It did in a fortnight. And now Lough, the Steel Alfred got going, & made a fortune ever so soon. & Every penny went to the old lady. The night I was splashed with mud from head to foot in Piccadilly, & there was the old lady, sitting in her barouche, face with knee, two horses, driving up to Berkeley Street always his mother came first. When I knew them there was a smell of cold mutton & boots all over the house. But I saw what a remarkable woman she was. She controlled everything. And now she is still

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alive, & Lady A^tes has married my old friend Hardy.
(Somehow we got onto Hardy's novels: how he makes a woman
confess she's had a bastard on her wedding night: when she's
husband packs his bag & goes to the South Seas.
A.B. rehearsally. We're all children. You don't know what
you're talking about. I'd have done the same. I'd have
packed my bag anytime. Silly woman! She should have
told him in the Compiled — : it was a silly deception
thing to do. It's not a question of morality. Morality don't
Change. It's human nature.
F.B. My dear old Pal I'm talking nonsense
(They were very affectionate: Francis helping him
address Lady Wimborne's telegram correctly. which
I don't think he could have done without).
V. Tennyson is a great poet.
A.B. Certainly he's a poet: not a great poet. ~~H~~ Hallam was
a donkey. Hallam never forgot his telegram to Eleanor:
passed away peacefully at 3.45. liked Italian book.
Hallam carried her mother on his back. It was thought to
beautiful. & he never had a perfection - didn't
want one. It was a lazy man. Tennyson was a
very direct creature - didn't like Second marriages.
didn't like Lionel dying at sea — no God to visit —
very old fashioned, conventional views.
(Lord Hardinge's telling Tony running round the bedroom
naked, & Walter going to Hartcourt & saying "It
frightened me." "It wouldn't have frightened me"
said Hartcourt, very loud & bluff.

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Tony Hendle in a high Hendle falsetto voice, he squeaks rather as pants, wears spectacles, & suddenly disappears to range about the garden alone.

I had a letter from Nessie the other day. She was coming here, but the motor car broke down !! (an effect which were a surprising piece of news).

F. B. Tony, you look after the drinks don't you.

Tony goes & fidgets at the sideboard.

In the end Mrs. Jane on Brownlow Corsica, & wrote "to Victoria Woolf n - -" then wrote to apologise.

An interesting evening. highly Victorian, with furniture both dark & cosy & carpets & leather chairs. Old B. is a Hairdresser, & has had his day: been a person in society, yet remains non conformist; not Welsh, a very serious worker, but a great Victorian all round humane literary type. & gunned by various kinds of life, as we aren't now - barrenly, bibliolatrian, & tragedy. Itis agreed to write for L:

Persons: Vivien Eliot. Tom; Sunday tea.

Tom. Put brandy in your tea, Vivien.

No, no, Tom.

Yes. You must. Put a tea spoonful of brandy in your tea.

Viv. Oh all right - I don't want it

V: She doesn't like taking medicine before one's friends.

L: What about the great Apollon - the Delphi & what to be read ?

Viv What indeed. & (her very nervous, very shabby, much powdered, her first Dress, overdressed, unhappy.)

Tom. I have put a note in the Criterion. Later I don't

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Tony Kendal is a high Church talking vicar, he squints rather is fond, wears spectacles, & suddenly disappears to range about the garden alone.

I had a letter from Nesta the other day. She was coming here, but the motor car broke down !! (an effect more surprising than news).

F. B. Tony, you look after the drinks don't you.

Tony goes & fidgets at the sideboard.

In the end MB gave me Browning Corpicau, & wrote "to Victoria Woodhouse" then wrote to cancel it.

An interesting evening. highly Victorian, with furniture like Hunt & Cajan & Carpets & leather chairs. Old B. is a Hairdresser, & has had his day: been a person in society, yet remains non conformist, not Church, a very serious worker, but a great Victorian all round humane liberary type, & panned by various kinds of life, as we aren't now - barrenly, bibliotician, & pragest. Its is anyone to write for L:

Persons: Vivien Eliot. Tom; Sunday tea.

Tom. Put brandy in your tea, Vivien.

No, no, Tom.

Yes. you must. Put a tea spoonful of brandy in your tea.

Vivien. Oh all right - I don't want it

V: She doesn't like taking medicine before one's friends.

L: What about the great Guerlain - the Adelphi & what to be read ?

Viv. What indeed. & (their very nervous, very Shelley, much powdered, her feet drove, overdressed, behaved.)

Tom. I have sent a note in the Criterion. Later I don't

understand this business about Wells & Lee — this confusion between literature & real life.

W: Shall you write?

Tom. Oh dear no. Murry is now comfortable for the first time. He's in the society he likes.

Vivien. I'm living between here & Mr. Joyce. Mr Joyce is very nice.

Tom She's very nice too — & the children. Georgio is away in a la Banque Generale (he pronounces French always with great care & pride)

V. I've been telling Mrs Jones poems. It's a good poem

Vivien a damned good poem, don't you say?

V. Well, you've improved what I said. But it's a dam good poem

Celia dissent.

My impression being that they were nervous, not contented in with them, & liked us & our surroundings. And in the drive home, Dorothy Vivien said "Why can't we get on like Woolfs do?" I think they meant us to feel them in sympathy together. Certainly they were lighter, more affectionate.

Sunday July 22nd

We spent many conversations about Lord: dined with Mortimers & Schofield Thayer the other night & walked with them to Marys.

Mortimer is Oxford, & this not nearly so easy to come to terms with as Sebastian for instance. He is all angles: polish. Wears a small waistcoat: wants brilliancy not intimacy. is half dandy. We can better to write reviews than fashionable novels.

M: I don't agree.

L: I should like good criticism

V. Surely it would be much better & Rebecca West

S. T.

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M.

V.

S.T.

severe criticism.

He was a cautious hardheaded American, edited the Dial. Like Mortimer he buys modern pictures: had met Rogers outside the Nat Gal: I said "Surely, Mr Roy?" "Have the advantage of you Mr Roy: I know you through your caricatures." I then but the talk was too formal & too constrained to bear writing out. You must do it, let me see, how did it go.

Adelphi abused.

Murry writing abused. We tried to explain our dislike of his stories.

I used to have a happy heart, & now only have an old woman

But this is delicious (chicken in sauce) There are

Hyacinths — See China print from Venice.

a good account of flying from T: how

the pilot said he wd not start. The company had said to

Uncle Leah instead of Steve. But I had taken my passage

10 days before. I remember Trudy. Some luggage was left. One

man took his Dachs. But we felt over weighted. Then

we got above a storm. & the cloud over & saw the

lightning darting up at one's face. It was terrible. I

looked at my feet. The man kept going to the side &

bring sick. The other kept saying this had happened.

And we all knew we were over weighted. Suddenly

the engines stopped. We pitched up & down. We

expected the whole thing to crash. The dog sat quite

calm. Then after 10 minutes the engine began again.

Town looked like the handle of that salt cellar. Never

again. no. And the pilot said he'd been fumbling

feeding with one hand & fumbling with the other & suddenly

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touched the right spring by chance, & the Engine started. Whether
Negus' gout & an work have dashed to the ground

Friday July 28th — Three days before going, as we do on Wednesday are two dissipated for serious reading writing living or thinking. Variable as a barometer to physchical changes, my wits flutter & frizzle & I can get no words out of them because, somehow, the Negus has cooked up the rumour ya more to serious. Indeed, I've been gadding (to parody I've been roaming which we heard at Tavend, Mrs Lyttelton intolerably tedious play the other night) Goodness too much for the health you pine with. They doom Jangle. Very soon I find myself out of talk. a dilletante Spectator, for instance, of Clive, Mary & Mortimer. I Shan't spend evening party, & old Roger & old Margery & Sid march with young Kitten Rupland Versing on the Albino stewarmer, I've engaged it two. in its rather agitating way their half year has kept me on the hop. I like that: agitating though this. I've taken my fences, as I say, & got home feed Gallops for my trouble. Shan't also to remind myself that I have been peevish, Gachmer, cyclical, & moody. In these remarks simply fails. There are incidents that disjoint me- General terms I refer to a certain degree of Society: to something steering us to Lucie more stormily than last year I think. Never settle, is my principle in life: & to I tryst postpone practice, but & in talk more than in action I daresay. My theory is that at 40 one either increases the pace or slows down. Needless to say which I depose. But, to be just, my activity is a 3rd mental. I'm working vaccously & with intention. I've pulled through my Chaucer chapter; & written ahead at the Hours, & felt in share space with 'reviews' reading for my book, reading with pen & note book. Yes It encourages.

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me to feel that all this reading has an end in view. In five years, I think I can forget out a good book from it, I hope; a rough, but vigorous statue testifying before I die to the great pen & pleasure my habit of reading has given me. And I'm going to work hard, hard, hard, in every sense at Rodmell. I am going to tackle those old Greek grammars, & see whether by drastic & spirited treatment they can be made worth respecting. Courage & decision are my need, I think – to treat ent, vehement meeting. At the moment I feel myself fancy free of foreign influence: Eliot, or whoever it may be: & this I must prize, for unless I am myself, I am nobody. As for the press, we have finished Tom, much to our relief. He will be published this August by Martin: & although we have worked at full speed & since May. & that is I'm persuaded the best & surest & safest health & happiness, provided always that one does work as a man rides a great horse, in a splendid & independent way; not a drudge, but a man who spurs in his heels. So I don't force myself any more to read against my will. I'm grown efficient in my middle age. Nevertheless, some compulsion is needed for the Greek chapter, which I must investigate at Rodmell. Also I shall explore – like a mother bear I side along the downs on days – Lee Stepping, & Arundel & so on. I much regret not having seen Windsor this spring. But I have at least ordered my French Grammar. For plan, I have immediately written a dialogue on Conrad: so must read for that too. Fame? Is not Clive writing an article on me? Has not Bunny praised me in the Dial? He does not Madame Lopé proposes to translate The Voyage Out? – But fame comes slowly up this way. I am never praised (apart by my contemporaries or younger. When Wells kicks young women, he neglects me.

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are many other matters of importance to discuss at Rodmell tonight: the Nelson: L's work; Hogarth House - Nessa last night, Sibbys in the Square, recommended Haverstock Hill.

Mon. Aug. 6th

I have ruined my morning's work by making bread & buns, which required constant voyages to the kitchen. The dough always suggests that I shall read the Norse. Sheer weak feebleness it seems to me (read in these circumstances). My comfort is that I can have at it in any way I like; & if it fails it goes wrong, to the bowl; there was a loaf for tea, & a bun not quite. Roger, I fear with it. Nor do I think it wrong altogether. Whenever I can't help thinking has become a little querulous with years. there is a breach in my content, at disparaging criticisms creep in; meanly enough. The good ones keep off.

We went over to Charleston yesterday. Although thinking Nessa & Duncan: Roger on chair in foreground: Nessa on Roger, Nessa, & Duncan: Roger on chair in foreground: Nessa on Sofa, Duncan on bed. In front of them was one jar of flowers, & one arrangement of still life: Roger was picking out his blue flower very brightly. for some reason, entirely congenial. I suspect merely of persons & do on. There was nothing in the drawing room window reading Dryden. a very good edition - I want to ask you Lytton - article Will he take an article ... V. O I thought your Lytton - article very good ... Van: Yes ready - V. What am I to do with - my cigarette? Hollyhocks, decapitated. Swans in a bowl; there was a loaf for tea, & a bun not quite. Roger, I can't help thinking has become a little querulous with years. Her grievances torment him: he talks of them too much. After tea, Angelica had her dolls tea party in the window, & beat Clive, & when he cried, ran & her own accord & tricked him a flower - which was a remarkable womanly act. She is sensitive - minds being laughed at (can I do) She said, petulantly, to Roger. She wanted a 'slide' in her hair. "Don't laugh at me" she I should say that the

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are many sheer matters of importance to Dickens at Rodmell tonight: the Nelson: L's work; Hogarth House - Nessa last night, sitting in the Square, recommended Haverstock Hill.

Mem. Aug. 6th

I have saved my morning's work by making bread & buns, which requires constant voyages to the kitchen. The dear thing always suggests that I shall read the Novels. Sheer weak flabbiness it seems to me (read in these circumstances). My comfort is that I can have at it in any way I like; & if it fish goes wrong, to the fire with it. Nor do I think it wrong altogether. Whenever there is a breach in my content, all disparaging criticisms creep in; meanly enough. The good ones keep off.

We went over to Charleston yesterday. Although thinking quite well ourselves, we were not well received by the painters. There they sat like studious children at a task in a bedroom - Roger, Nessa, & Duncan: Roger on chair in foreground: Nessa on Sofa, Duncan on bed. In front of them was one jar of flowers, & one arrangement of still life. Roger was picking out his blue flower very brightly, for some reason. The talk was not entirely congenial. I suspect merely of persons & do es. Clive was sitting in the drawing room window reading Dryden. A very good edition - I want to ask you to read some portions - Will he take an article ... V. O I thought your Lytton article very good ... Van: Jean ready - V. What am I to do with my Cigarette? Hollyhocks, decahitated. Swam in a bowl; there was a loaf for tea, & a long slot plate. Roger, I can't help thinking has become a little querulous with years. His grievances torment him: he talks of them too much. After tea, Angelica had her dolls tea party in the window, & beat Clive, & when he cried, ran after him with accord & brought him a flower - which was a centaurea - a womanly act. She is sensitive - minds being laughed at (can I do) She said, petulantly, to Roger. She wanted a 'slide' in her hair. "Don't laugh at me" she said, petulantly, to Roger. I should say that the

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weather is perfect, soft as a cushion, blue to the heart. A Gospel Caravan has just pitched its tent near, & the other night 10 young men trawled hymns. - ... That I am tagging my mind wander to the Hours. Now it's a strange thing that I have no zest for novel writing, yet it should so absorb me - I can't diagnose my own case - which reminds me that I've started upon the revision going 20 articles, & feel rather charitable to that side going faculty. Leonard is at this moment beginning again his book, what I daresay he has not touched since last Christmas.

Friday Aug. 17 The question I want to determine is the question going essay: & how to make them into a book. The brilliant idea has just come to me of embedding them in Otway conversation. The main advantage would be that I could then comment, & add what I had had to leave out, or failed to get in e.g. the one on George Eliot certainly needs an epilogue. Also to have a setting for each would 'make a book'; & the collection of articles is in my view an inferior method. But then this might be two articles - it might run away with me; it will take time. Nevertheless I should very much enjoy it. I should gauge nearer my own individuality I should mitigate the pomposity & sweeps in all sorts of trifles. Then I should feel more at my ease. So I think a trial should be made. The first thing to do is to get ready a certain number of essays; — then could be an introductory chapter. If [illegible] family which reads the papers. The thing to do wd. be to envelop each essay in its own atmosphere. To get them into a current of life, & to shape the book: to get a stream upon some main line — but what the line is to be, I can only see by reading them through. No doubt fiction is the prevailing fashion. Mems. Anyhow the book shd. end with modern life.

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6 Jane Austen.
5 Addison.
14 Conrad.
15 How it Strikes a Contemporary.
11 The Russians.
4 Evelyn
7 George Eliot
13 Modern Essays
10 Henry James.
Re-reading novels.
8 Charlotte Brontë
2 Defoe
12 Modern Novels.
Greeks.
9 Thoreau
Emerson
3 Sheridan ?
2 Sterne ?
1A Old Memoirs.

1620

1661.

In order of time.

Mandeville.
Evelyn.
Defoe.
Sheridan
Sterne.
Addison.
Jane Austen
Ch. B.
George Eliot
The Russians
The Americans
Thoreau
Emerson
Henry James.
Modern Fiction.
On re-reading novels.
Essays.
How it Strikes a Contemp.

Here are, roughly, the headings
Perhaps one begins with old memoirs: Thence materials in Stevens or
Lyme. Fanshawe. Boswell Hillis.
1. Old Memoirs

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Sat. Aug 24

I've been battling for ever so long with 'The Bostons' which is proving one of my most tantalising & refractory efforts. Parts are so bad, parts so good: I'm much interested; can't stop making it up yet-yet. What is the matter with it? But I want to freshen myself, not deaden myself, so with Ray no more. Only I must note this odd symptom: a Centr: chin that I shall go on; let it triumph, because it interests me to write it.

Clara Shaw came. So did Nick; so did Mrs Jones: & we went to Seaford too. An odd instinct informed me that Mr. Jones was non-existent. Who then owned Hugh he? He is the child of Philip Morrell! So that puzzle has settled itself tolerably crudely. Mrs J. is thus self-conscious to be a widow. She has no part to deplore — An uncanny future, under my eye. The little boy has strange blue eyes — but no look of the old ram. Nicks attachment to Barbara is very marked. By virtue of her surrounding moral he is admitted among the great, in whom he still believes. He brought several hairs & a melon — This melon, Molly Hamilton ate. She was windblown & breathless. She is tart, not embittered. She is brave; has lonely in hand. Says more facts every night than I do in a year. Whose her touch is not sensitive; rigorous rather, & , as I say, the lacks the gift of any decay? Singerbread. I notice this in her descriptions. She never seems to enjoy people completely. But she admires me. I was 'nice' to her indeed: quite simple, quite unaffected, made no attempt to impose myself. But then. I thought, perhaps this more amusing to be brilliant. She cannot condemn it utterly.

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it carries further.

Clive has an egg - a turkeys egg - for a head now - quite bald, unashamedly bald: never a hair will grow any more. Mary was slumbering, childlike, not brilliant, not attending when I read my play, but very very anxious to say the right thing. She worships her canary. She pressed me to write about him. What view would I take - about this last phase, for instance, the Byronic? Chocolate she brought: she wore tight grey alpaca, with large buttons, & she powdered - re-powdered in the drawing room. I cannot write at any recreative talk; but will try again. Goosey & the Dogs were discussed:

Thurs. 30th May

I was called, 'Wench to cut wood. We have to shape logs for the stove, for we sit in the house every night, & my goodness, the wind! Last night we looked at the meadow trees, flinging about, & such a weight of leaves that every branch seems the end. Only a strewing of leaves from the lime tree, though. This morning. I read such a robust Society race heddings chapter of Mrs Gaskell at midnight in the pub "Wives & Daughters" - I think. It must be better than old wives tale at the same pace. I'm thinking incessantly about Reading & Writing. I have no time to describe my plans. I should say a good deal about The Voyage - my discovery; how I dig out beautiful caves behind my characters: I think that gives exactly what I want: humanity, humour, depth. The idea is that the caves should connect, & each corner be daylight at the present moment - Duncan!

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Wed. 3rd Sept.

Here is the usual half hour to be filled before dinner, & such a man to fill it with as would want a whole day. K.M. used to write all day, she told me; poor Katherine, I'm always inclined to say unpleasant things about her, for some reason: The Adelphi, I suppose. Our week end was Francis Birrell & Raymond Mortimer. Leonard says that F. is 3 quarters grown up, Tony ½. F. spells out the whole contents of his head like a nice little boy; never stops talking. And what was it about?

About the Youngsons – his mother: my mother (She & Bridget much like her: they had a cultus for Minny) her father: aunts & so on. "I wish I had distinguished Aunts" said Morleman.

Father viciously he kept. He is a curious half breed. An Oxford youngman, inclined to smartness, dress & culture. His soul is unlazy in Cambridge company. He squeezes a little terribly. One is not sure how far one likes him. He flatters. He is not very simple, candid, or talkative, like Challenboy F: who is as open as daylight.

"My father" is a relic hoar – lives at Tidmouth. – has really been a bachelor since the death of my mother. She died when I was quite small. No I don't mind being an only child at all. I am quite happy. I never look ahead. If I had two thousand a year, I should never write. I should buy pictures & travel.

We discussed writing novels on Asheham Hill. He had read the V.O. when it came out; a thought at first fully good. Now he couldn't get through at first, but has now. J.S.R. the contemporary novel most to his liking. But he can't write novels himself. Doesn't see why he should; has no originality. Likes pictures perhaps best, because there Picasso is painting & no one to match him in writing.

"~~Babell~~ Palaeolithic men must have lived here. They took an extraordinary kind of ~~step~~ "we agreed in Asheham Notions. Now & then the clever ones realised that they were human." At the same time we

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were talking about Clive Bell who had been to luncheon, bothering a great deal. I have a call for Bloomsbury, said Raymond (we have had to drop titles) He seems to me a perfectly horrible developed man. He is clever, & he enjoys life too."
I said "He has renounced a good deal all the same — his giant body for instance. And his happiness is terribly poor"
"Still, I admitted, he's a good fellow - his dinner very well. Then Vanessa. "She has such a lovely voice, & then she very lovely to look at. Her personality too is very impressive" he said. In short "
You can't imagine what it has been to me getting to know Bloomsbury. ~~Each~~ for ~~one~~ they're like different human beings from any I thought possible." Today there a note, I think, letter from him "I'd been fearing & told you how much I enjoyed my visit. ... I'm fearfully flattered, & something more than flattered by your friendship, & only hope that when you see through my cleverness, & are thoroughly bored with it, you won't be bored me with me as well. ... Anyhow Florent Bloomsbergs!"
This hits off very well; my reserves & doubts, his self-centredness & flattery is it? — then call it enthusiasm.
A great deal of time was spent in discussing Nation affairs — the demand now; & their position as reviewers. L— is trying to get Bertie & Clive to join in & make the position clear. Undoubtedly the Nation needs a good many morsels for us. Mercia Molly this week, preparing to begin her article. And I'm slightly dashed by the reception my Conrad conversation. which has been purely negative. No one has mentioned it. I don't think M. or B. quite approved. Never mind; to be dashed is always the best most bracing treatment for me. A cold douche should be taken (& generally is) before beginning a book. If Mr. Forster makes one say Oh all right. I wrote to please myself." & so go ahead.

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It also has the effect of making me more definite & outspoken in my style, which I imagine all to the good. At any rate, I beg an for the 5th but last time, I swear, what is now to be called The Common Reader: & did the first page quite moderately well this morning. After all this stew, its odd how, as soon as I begin, a new aspect, never all this 2 or 3 years thought of, at once becomes clear; & gives the whole bundle a new proportion. To contrast, I shall beg really investigate literature with a view to ascertaining certain questions about ourselves - Characters are to be merely views: personality must be avoided at all costs. I'm sure my Leonard adventure taught me this. Directly one thinks of hair, age, &c: something frivolous, or irrelevant: gets into the 〜 book — dinner!

Tuesday
Sept. 11th 17

Here we are back from the knoll, Studland. It was welcomed that we could have got to France in less time, welcomed at Charleston last week (on a hot September afternoon, with the children pulling the kettle in a dead tree, which Duncan carried about as if it had been a Christmas tree; & then I read my play, & then Not skated, & then we bicycled home - all these things I should like to remember) I wanted to observe Lydia as a type for Regia; & did observe one or two facts. It was very hot at Lulworth, & we sat with the sun in our eyes on a verandah having tea. Suddenly she got cross. frowned, complained of the heat, seemed about to cry. precisely like a child of six. She was concerned to know what Leonard meant by coupling her with me among the "Settles". It means that you can both be healed, Maynard said. Maynard is grown very grown & stout, especially when he wraps his leopard spotted dressing gown tight round his knees & stands in front of the fire. I was looking at them. Censoriously. Through the eyes of good St. Mawdy (4th no: of the Adelphi devoted to abuse of Mortimer & Shanny) He has a queer mother & his book, not very pleasant. But his

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eyes are remarkable, & as I truly said when he gave me some pages of his new book to read, the person of mind there displayed is as far ahead of one as Shakespeares. True, I don't respect it so much. But is Centennial. The poet Rydal of was there & Mortimer. Daddy's hair (the selfsame Daddy at 10 a.m. Monday at Poole Station) is precisely the colour & consistency of the husk of straw — that thin glistening fabric which one pulls off the stalk of straw. And to this a blue cornflower coloured tweed suit, his apple red face, a blue eye & you have — well, merely a corn flower to me, but to Raymond the most unbecomingly beautiful young man that it is possible to imagine. Unfortunately (for R.) Daddy did not share these views. He, being himself Cambridge, puts R. down for clever "a very clever Oxford man". L. is inclined to agree; indeed he calls R. "Rimy". He patted Daddy, enclosed him, as he sat on the floor in his arms, praised his beauty to his face; & one must agree. Which, that all Cheltenhis & I — & Julian have some thing nasty, mawkish, about them, though why I don't say. Anyhow, R. had a cold in his nose, & his nose is his worst feature. Square at the tip, like something that has to stand on a table. His features are not good; his hair dark; & his manners either a little too clever or too flattering. Yet I liked him better this week end than last. Such are the elements of our party. I was interested to observe, — not much caring, as indeed happens oftener than not nowadays, to make a span splash of my own- For one thing, we are grown so old now; & the young are so literal in their respect. We motored to Lutworth on Sunday, or rather to Warharrow, which we climbed & walked 5 miles over the down. My shoes interfered with my pleasure rather. But I thought of the year 1830, & how most of England then looked as this coast looked, bags with their sweep undreamed

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only Coastguards & gray cottages, & rowing boats making off to little
Ships — And then I caught a view or two which I've no doubt
will keep for some years & then be used: the red heather &
white; the Mediterranean aspect — but by the bye I must
remember how curiously my weak and transitory feeling can dilate
all this: as if I were seeing something isolated from a brain:
The clear water was very moving to me, with the pale stones
showing under it like jelly fish. Ludworth Glynne was all
skittles, & men playing in a yard; a people parading in front of
a wall which, like an Italian wall, encloses the headland. An
odd haze came down, so that we saw nothing distinctly: only
outlines. Then we stopped, Maynard liking I think to be Shewman,
at Bindon Abbey, having just before seen the old ~~farmyard~~
Manor house where Jeffreys slept, or lived. At Bindon
Lydia lay in her pink jacket with the white fur in a
Bishops tomb — a kind of shaped tank sunk in the earth
on the way up to the Calvary, & got up with heaves sticking to
her cloak. The lay quite still, acting death, her muscular
dancers legs in white silk stockings lying with the soles
of the feet touching, & Maynard & I standing by.
did she think about? What Maynard, & her death. —
what would happen before? Heaven knows. Bindon is
all grass & trees & long stretches of wall. like Shene at
Hampton Court. We sat on the mound of the Calvary,
the cross being gone, & Maynard talked about paleolithic
man & an interesting theory about the age of man — how
the beginning of history about 5,000 B.C. is only the
beginning of another lap in the race; others, many others,
having been precariously & obliterated by ice ages.
Meanwhile Reynard took his Lady along the Roman walks by
the fish ponds. This a damp romantic place; a one pool ash.
perhaps I shall never see again, as I told L. I had an

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odd feeling that it is queer to find such places lying unknown in the
Country, inland. I can't get hold of it now. I am perhaps encouraged
by Prout to vouch out & identify my feelings, but I have always felt
~~but~~ their kind of thing in great proportion, only not tried to capture it,
or perhaps lacked skill & confidence. To return:— Daddy has an
ingratiating manner of pawing ladies old enough to be his
mother. He threw out an idea that he might join the Press.
The printing mania has come upon him & Sebastian, &
it looks as if we might now start a Cambridge branch;— he
asked, hopefully. For he is not emphatic & very happy I should think,
with all his interests & successes, & no inhibitions & good
health, & money in prospect, & an editor to print his poems, &
a year more at Cambridge, & a pocketful of fellowships & so forth —
he asked hopefully whether he might lodge with us in the holidays,
& pay his way by working the press. So you see how
the future branches & extends: I mean there are ways down the
forest, roads leading to right & left hitherto unseen.
It was not a success in London. I bought Rhein at Heals,
& we lunched with Hubert St. — a small, tasty, unheroic
man, vaguely entre bois out for offence, & suspecting I think
our superior vitality, & longing for a compliment which
I very honest at the moment, I could not give him.
He ought to have stuck to Cambridge, as, I suspect, he begins
to think. He is less of personage there I suspect. Once
he finds the adventure is past, he finds himself hard
put to it to keep his end up. Shepard is his standby.
Bloomsbury has left. He wants rape, sharpening article,
like Mollie's childhood stories.
Any really good article, said L., is bound to be
disliked intensely & liked intensely.
H.H. didn't much agree to this. He thought this
could be liked by everyone. He was disappointedly

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Lytton, who gets £40 for 15,00 words, & I think by me. Left to himself, he would soon make the Nation into the Westminster Gazette. But I don't pretend to care very profoundly. Unfortunately, Desmond has cut up crusty, & L- is landed with F.B. for whom he must provide £150 p.A. Mortimer I think. Ireland safely lost little explosively on the New Statesman side of the fence. And Bertie says he will resign.

Tues. 18th Sept. Leonards day in London. & left with 30 minutes before I walk off to meet him I may as well write here. We have had visitors - Lytton & the Partridges, unexpectedly; then Nessa & Duncan; then Morgan for the week end. There are times when I want no one. times when I relish the comment as animated thing. I am worn smooth with talk at the moment, & so did not come to grips with my friends, as I should have done. Yet how good, kind, tender, & clever we all are! Chiefly I remember sitting on the wall of the public house with Duncan & discussing his painting. He said he was trying to get simplicity, he wants Themes, to express something very abstract simply. His own loveliness seems then now negligible. "Nessa is a happy artist" he said in the bus (I went in to Lewes). I am a stupid artist she said. She has none of these changes. She does not think things out. Sometimes I am quite ready not to paint for a long time. I suppose he is intellectual, as I suppose I am; & the more instinctive. Yet the changes too. They notice old women & babies all the time. We stood in the High Street, & saw a man drive out of the White Hart, close clipped as a convict, wearing a hard grey bowler, & driving a high stepping pair. We could not imagine what his life was. So I walked home. Not much talk of interest with Lytton. He frowned on our books. Oh books, books! he cried, & carried off Mortimer's Gosford Circus. Fame.

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has made him confident, taken from him diffidence. Some charm, turned it to strength & some kind. I always felt a kind of mass now behind his view of his own writing. The French at the Memorial had been so enthusiastic about Racine. That set him up, & made it needless to praise his articles in the Nation, which are not, to me think. Good. Very well. We all grow old; grow stocky; lose our pliancy & impressionability. Even Morgan seems to me to be based on some hidden rock. Talking of Proust & Lawrence he said he'd prefer to be Lawrence; but much rather would be himself. We discussed his novels. I don't think Jane a novelist, he said. Suddenly I said "No I don't think you are." Oh! he exclaimed, eagerly, interested, not dashed. But L. denied this. "I'm not at all downcast about my literary career, he said. I think he has made up his mind that he has much to fall back on. He is ~~did~~ always, serene, a sage, he says, reading masterpieces only. We had a long gossip about servants. He found Wasps in the mint sauce. That made the Agnes drop the dish & go off leaving the dining room door open. Mrs. Forster was cold to her for some days. She went began to scream & die of appendicitis" he said. And so to Mrs Grant Duff & his quarrel ~~with~~ in Alexandria. But it grows cold & dark: I shall walk off to meet L.

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1923
Oct. 15th
Monday

Hogarth.

How last entry seems long ago. And I meant to record for psychological purposes that strange night when I went to meet Leonard & did not meet him. What an intensity of feeling was spread into those hours! It was a wet windy night; & as I walked back across the field I said Now I am meeting it: now the old devil has once more got his opening through the waves. (But I cannot re-capture really) And such was the strength of my feeling that I became physically rigid. Reality, & Thought was contracted. And there was something noble in feeling like this: tragic, not at all petty. Then cold white light went over the fields: & I went on: & I stood under the great trees at Ford waiting for the lights of the buses. And that went by: & I felt loneliness. There was a man with a barrow walking into Lewes. who looked at me. But I could try, at last control all this, until suddenly, after the last train likely train had come in I felt it was intolerable to sit about, & must do the final thing, which was to go to London. Off I rode, without much time, against such a wind: & again I had a satisfaction in being matched with powerful things, like wind & dark. I walked, had to walk: got on: drove ahead: dropped the torch: reached up. & so on again: without any lights Saw men & women walking together: thought. Safe. & happy I'm an artist: touch my ticket, had 3 minutes to spare, & then. turning the corner

HYPO

of the station steps, saw Leonard, coming along, bending
rather, like a person walking very fast, in his mackintosh.
He was rather cold & angry (as, perhaps was natural).
And then, not to show my jealousy, I went outside & did
something to my bicycle. Also, I went back to the
ticket office, & said to the humane man there, "It's all
right. My husband caught the last train. Give me back
my fare" which he did. And I got the money more
to set myself right with Leonard than because I wanted it.
All the way back we talked about a room (about
lekewers) at the office; & all the time I was feeling
My God, that's over. I'm out of that. It's over. Really,
it was a physical feeling, of lightness & relief & safety.
& yet there was too something terrible behind it—
the fact of other pain, I suppose; which continued for several
days & which I should feel it again if I went over
that road at night; & it became connected with
the deaths of the Princes, & with Aubrey Herbert's death
the next day. But I have not got it all in, by any
means.

We have been dealing with domestic woe; a triumphant
solution for us; Uncle Lolli is declared fit for all
work by her doctor, but the expense of Ascot is too
great to be worth while. We lunch en train. Margerie
does not much like it, but submits. Margerie has her
champagne here after with Ralph, now developed into an
attack of influenza, as I thought likely. She is a cold hearted
woman; prepared for the worst. I like her better
good sense, though her spirit does not become a spring

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as one could like. It's her friend that the worst of her. And then &c. My first activity has been to see houses. So far I have seen the outsides of two. And the problem is a difficult one. It's my wish to live in London, no one else's. How far can this wish bear the weight of the removal, the expense, the less pleasant surroundings, & so on &c. But I shall go on steadily, looking, & I hope, working. Here we are tight wedged in printing & editing. Rosalie comes (Madge & Janet yesterday for 4 hours, leaving me with a brain like a wrung dish cloth) And we have Wadie in prospect.

This young man with hair like the heart of corn, says he wishes to devote his life to the Hogarth Press, & is writing a letter to that effect to Leonard. This will begin in June. It's shall be a partner, & take over the work, & we shall supervise, & by degrees shall become more & more important, & we shall be the benefactors of our age. & have a flop. & enjoy the society of the young, & rummage & splash in the Stuart brain pie, & so never, never stop working with brain or fingers or toes till our limbs fly asunder & the heart stops & we sink into dust. Such is my fancy picture- But Janet waits a careful letter to Francis Cornford, & so have no time.

I am now in the thick of the mad lane in Regents Park. I find I write it by clenching as tight to fact as I can. & write perhaps 50 words a morning. This I am sure must re-write some day. I think the design is more remarkable than in any of the books. I daresay I shant be able to carry it out I am stuffed with ideas for it. I feel I can live up Everything I've ever thought. Certainly. I'm less

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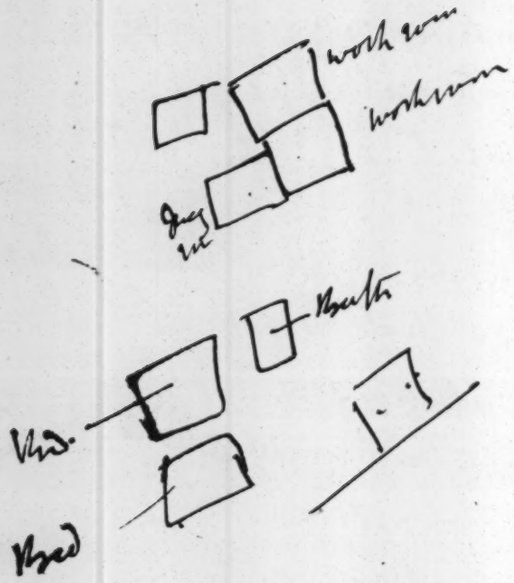
Conrad than I've yet been. The double theme is I think the Character of Mrs Dalloway. It may be two stiff, too flattering a finesse — But then I can bring in innumerable other Characters to her support. I wrote the 100th page today of course, I've only been feeling my way into it — up till last August anyhow. It took me a year's sloping to discover what I call my tunnelling process, by which I tell the past by instalments, as I have need of it. Here is my prime discovery so far: & the fact that I've been so long finding it, proves. I think, how false Percy Lubbock's doctrine is — that you can do this sort of thing consciously. One felt about in a state of misery — indeed I made up my mind one night to abandon the Book. But then one touches the hidden spring. Lor' Lor's me! I've not re-read my first discovery, & it may be nothing important whatever. Never mind. I can I have my hopes for this book. I am going on working it now till, heavily. I can write another Essay — Journalism, Craig this, is to give way to it.

Saturday Nov. 3rd

And now I've found a house 35 Woburn Square. Yes, shall I write that address plain? Certainly I hope to. For me it would be worth £500 a year in pleasure. Think of the music I could hear. The people I loved &c. Early, enthusiastic. And then comes before me the prospect of walking through the city streets: starting off early, some day's at the office, & walking easy to Waterloo; & then to be at the Office. Why this so obscures my mind I don't know. It was a beautiful clear November day, yesterday, when I went up & past our house (with green doors opposite the new) & the squares with their regular houses, & their leafless trees, & people very clearly outlined filled me with joy.



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Indeed, I was so lively on the Waterloo Road that it struck me that we were watching Shakespeare: by which I mean that when live people, seeming hastily, produce [redacted] effect on a theatre, you don't have it offered as a work of art, but seems a natural gift given, then — what [illegible] was I meaning? — somehow it affected me as I am affected by reading Shakespeare. No: it's life: going on in these very beautiful surroundings: Acton the house question I am rolling right in their fashion — We will take the house like in our own flat upstairs — a most lovable & delightful little place: have Nelly to cook: let out the next floor to Jason: Lottie shall do for him — Then Woolf (Thank, I am not sure) shall be lodged on the ground floor, entirely apart with her own servant in the basement, & control of the press which is also lodged there. This seems to me a perfectly feasible solution of innumerable difficulties. Of course Marjorie remains. We broke it to her [illegible] two days ago. Leonard did it in so many words.

M. But I don't think I shall like that.

L. Did you dislike him?

M. I shan't like being under him. He'd make me type-write all day. And I suppose I should have to do what he told me?

L: It would be in the same position to you that we are.

M: I've never minded working under you. But this is the first time it happened. I've never been able to work with other people. I quarrelled with the headmistress where I was before then:

(There is an example of the resolute, uncoloured honesty with which she behaves. But she did not show

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up otherwise in an attractive light – except that one can't blame these unimaginative people for anything: The fear of the loss of prestige. The ever jealous, rather grasping, wants her way: but Sloane knows all this. That is the modern advantage. But there wants my time drawing a plan of 35 on the opposite page. Nothing new anyway with him like these hoary dreams. I must read Sophocles. Eight 20 years, I knew how to read Greek quick (with a crib in one hand) & write pleasure. This is for the Eternal book. And my mind whips off to Kent – how much can we ask for this home? I'm heartless about poor old Nyasah, where for 9 years we have been so secure. My mind whips away from Ka, – Altogether, except that Ka was more like a rack of bones & the Commissioner fed vegetables than ever. She has some worm gnawing at her. some persistent desire to impress us, with her romantic life, with Wilde romantic nature. Now there's nothing human beings so prickly as this native. Gone they more recent. Because they, it implies some divergence of interest. She's thinking not of us, but of how to impress us. More serious, though, is the dilution of other ministrations since she does not further pull weight on it, but only on help grit, thinking as she must, of making it impress. Her condescension is very curious. She is, it seems to me, one of the County: this the Cuppy. Must she's aware that being County doesn't carry for us London, or even Richmond. Gerhard tells too many stories about the strange Lepers who drive up to the Eagle Nest. Golden Brotherley, the Ranee of Sarawak. She dwells too much upon Good Wills passion for the conversation of natives by the French. All this protesting – that's what's at the bottom of it: But she was

HYPE

in some way very pathetic about Rupert. How Mrs Brooke had suddenly smiled at Mark as he had never seen her smile, exactly like Rupert. But Mrs Hindhead driven her off rather arbitrarily to the part, I don't know how we should have got through the evening. Raven played to hear Leonard altogether coming down - But I must defend to the basement, & see what Jenny with Clever cover; which Leonard does for 2 hours daily.

Friday Nov. 16th — No we didn't take 35 Woburn Square, & the colorer has gone out of it. & I don't want to write about it at the moment. Ish back from lunch Lady Colefax, meet Angers at the Tate, tea Mersome, discuss Ralph. Leonard back from Redmere: & in rather a flutter, too much to read Euripides. Indeed, I've been talking to Hugh Walpole - not an impressive man - a man who probably too much: an uneasy, prosperous vain man, who harbours some grudge against clever intellectuals & yet respects them, would like to be one. He has the look of a kindly solicitor or banker: red cheeks: very small bright eyes: a genial, but not profound or cordial manner. We talked of contemporary fame - He dwelt a good deal upon the different sets & Critics, & how no book were read in the same parish. Someone new at all referred to him: An unadventurous mind, & really unable to cast a shadow even upon me. I did not feel to be knocked over, dashed to pieces, or anything very vividly, except that he was slightly unaware of me. There was old Lady Horner, with her grey big eyes very far apart in a face creased & crumpled like some old faded glove - an interesting subtle face: a mind worn down by society, into those

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kind of simple ease which enhances even small talk. I mean what she said was so freely, easily & had that & had a manner with it. Shallow fadens & money have gone to it. Poor unhappy old woman — Am I sentimental to think to glean or perhaps unhappiness, or is it indirectly some tribute to myself? Lytton is very scarce in such society

Sits in the shadow & now & then draws his sword effectively. Dozens of clever clever little jolly delightful tricks. Eating & drinking meanwhile - Asking me as actress who cleans her arms like a fly in Nassau. As for Ly Colefax there she sits painted & emphatic at the head of the table, broad shouldered, a little coarse, kindly green eyed, affectionate to me almost, capable, apparently disinterested - I mean - she likes to listen to clever talk & to banquet with a bunch of poor artists - Good idea; I see no harm in it. It's a taste; not a vice. Asquiths streamed at 3. Hamilton me to hear Ly. Horner asking the servants to find out Lady Lovat's telephone number. Here I see a long way reminds me of Ly Ruth. Mr Sherbrooke - little accidents that impressed me years ago - Yet all it amounts to is that Ly Horner knows about London in a motor car, & has a sort of accuracy in her head of stuffiness about her. So to the Tate with Lytton. Lytton & I don't need much preliminary.

Here's my book — Q. V. in French.

I daresay I'll read better in French.

He has almost bought a house near Hampstead, on the Downs. but hesitates over the last £500. There are no trains, no walks. Vita I advised the leap, as

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I always advise leaves. And then there were Anemones, white tinted flower, all varying autumn greens & browns, like the waves of Sea: not a good metaphor, for this really very compact, strong, & contained. Droves of School children kept sweeping over it. He explained it to me, smelling rather too much of whisky. Then he drove me to Waterloo. And I love interest in these facts, much as I do in working my words, & then have to find a way out of saying them. Hugh Walpole wd. not be bored I suppose; therefore he is convincing. I'm now working my Greek Chapter in alternate bursts of hot & cold. It seems so superficial, & not worth positing off upon a world provided with so much knowledge already. Yet I really must work & look about facts—one or a way. And I must keep grinding at fiction. which however goes easier this last lap. than before. How though I come Camely & softly, comfortably to a full stop. I must add that I've broken off with Ralph .. We had nowhere to meet. And its true—he ought to remain a prank; not in restaurants.. And I had two dreadful scenes with Cyril. He went & let him come home, or let me stay away with him. I dont want to lie about it. So we've broken off—Rather to her credit, I think—certainly to our relief.

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Mon
Dec 7th

Back from Rodmell; unable to settle in; therefore
I write diary. How often I have said this! An odd
psychological fact - that I can write when I'm too fagged
to read. Moreover, I want to leave as few pages
blank as possible, & this end of the year is only some
three weeks off.

I meant to write about the change which I
discovered last May (about) from seclusion & obscurity to
some degree of prosperity & society. My prevailing
was that we are on the verge of something of the kind.
And I see now I shall get my Sussex & my home. Oh
there's Adrian's catastrophe to record - now 2 weeks old —
Nessa rang me up in the middle of dinner with Tom here.
Adrian & Karin are going to separate". Jan owned
have knocked me down with a feather. & Clive too, to
he says. The devoted & inseparable couple! And it
seemed (then - this is no longer so) tragic to me; &
I was overcome, at hearing they'd been unhappy for
years; & then went & told Tom & Leonard; & then
2 days later, met Adrian in the bathroom at 46:
kissed his hand, & he burst into tears. Its an agony!
he cried. Some went upstairs holding hands, () to get
ready for my speech at the School of Economics) & he
walked to the bus, & told me how it had never
been right - almost, but never quite right. They had it
quarrelled. I am too shaky to write. But
then he stayed here & I felt come over me the
old despair; the crouching beasts feeling which
is my lowest & worst; the desire for peace,
which he never gets: & the old futile

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comparing between her respect for Nina & his disrespect
for me came over me, that made me so wretched as
Fitzroy Sq^re. To my amusement, I found that
Nina, who had been cordial & sanguine about him
had changed her view, owing to his visiting her,
& now only foretells with despair several
long silent sittings. She says, & Clive says, that
Karin did it; Karin felt it more than he did.
She felt als I used to feel, the mask: the check: the
rebuke: the fastidiousness: the lethargy.
Poor old Adrian! — he now subsides into a flat in
Mecklenburgh Sq^re; & drifts phantom like for ever.
Undoubtedly Hughes was right: the W. St. 13.
cracked his life out before he was born. It gave
me a twist of the head too. I shouldn't have been so
clever, but I should have been more stable, without
that contribution to the Intelligence of England. Now for a
hot bath.

Saturday:
Dec. 19th

I don't know if this is my last chance of writing, or if I
shall take the black book to Redmere & fill its last pages
there. I am so stuffed with work & talk & tea,
society & plans & parts, that I can't
pour a pure stream from my tap. In an hour
Sprott & Mary are coming. Merely to thwart my
Company sense I wrote would take my time & waste it.
How elliptical this book becomes! I don't
respect events any more: I'd like to record how
Tom's getting drunk, all the same. We went to
a flat in an arcade, & asked for Captain Eliot.

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I noticed that his eyes were ~~blurred~~ blurred. He (after the cake
He helped us to coffee — or was it tea? Then to Queen.
He repeated, I noticed, "Mr Ricardo", as L. told his
story; he got them a little wrong. There was a long
pale squeezed Oxford youth on the floor. We discussed
the personal element in literature. Tom then quietly
left the room - L. head resting of sickness - after a long time,
he came back, sank into the corner, & I saw him,
ghastly pale, with his eyes shut, apparently in a stupor.
When we left he was only just able to stand on his
legs. We heard a shuffling as we went, & Clive went
back.. Next day, I spent 10 minutes at the telephone
receiving apologies - how dreadful. what could we all
think!, could we forgive him - the first time - would
we ever come again? 2 no dinner, no lunch —
then sudden collapse — how dreadful - how what a
miserable end to the evening - apologise, relent to Lord
& your verbs — & so on. One of those comedies
which life sometimes does to perfection.

I must briefly touch on Wed; home problem not
settled; Maynard Keynes to cut down reviews; L and
at this moment Keynes to reign; Mary & Sprott;
Clive — Matthews, publishing, working;
Young Hardy; Montaigne & the Greeks & the
Elizabethans & the Nouvs: accepted in America,
neglected by all prize fivers, very happy, very
much on the go — that my state, at this —
moment of writing 6. 14. P.M. on Wednesday
afternaid.